The Squeeze on Labor—*an Editorial*

THE Nation

February 24, 1951

The Nazis Go Free

Justice and Mercy or Misguided Expediency?

BY TELFORD TAYLOR

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High Cost of Total War

BY FRITZ STERNBERG

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MIDWINTER BOOKS

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THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

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The Shape of Things

GENERAL MACARTHUR, ON HIS RETURN TO Tokyo last week after inspecting the Korean battlefront, declared that "talk of crossing the Thirty-eighth Parallel at the present stage of the campaign, except by scattered patrol action . . . is purely academic." Before operations north of that line could be seriously considered, he explained, the existing superiority in numbers of the enemy would have to be materially reduced. Nevertheless, if the daily reports of Communist casualties emanating from Tokyo are approximately accurate, it seems possible that the Chinese and North Korean forces will withdraw beyond the parallel, and it is not too soon to consider what strategy the United Nations should follow in that event. Such a withdrawal might produce a lull in the fighting, a de facto cease fire, which would give the United Nations Good Offices Committee a chance to explore the possibilities of a real armistice. It follows that the question of whether or not General MacArthur's command should attempt a hot pursuit of the foe across the parallel is at least as much political as military. The British government, Prime Minister Attlee said on February 12, believes that the line should not be crossed in *depth* without full consultation with the United Nations and especially with those countries having troops in Korea. This view, he continued, had been advanced in Washington and there met with "the fullest comprehension of the political implications." That seemed to be confirmed in a guarded statement by Secretary of State Dean Acheson on February 14, but next day the President once again asserted that crossing the parallel was a strategic matter on which General MacArthur had full discretion. Obviously in the highest Washington quarters there is something less than the "fullest comprehension" of British views, which are shared by many other United Nations members.

*

WINSTON CHURCHILL IS NOTHING IF NOT persevering in his efforts to save Britain by reestablishing himself in Downing Street. Four times in three weeks he has pressed votes of no-confidence against the government, hoping that a mixture of physical infection and political disaffection would liquidate the thin Labor majority. However, the flu virus has no politics: it has attacked Tories and Laborites alike, and apparently the former have been less willing to leave sick-beds to vote. Consequently, the government successfully repulsed challenges on its steel, coal, and meat policies. Nor have internal Labor Party disputes led to rebellions. The latest Tory motion of no-confidence, which attacked the government's arms program, seems to have been launched on the theory that abstentions by Labor "pacifists" might give the opposition a victory. But as Attlee could have said to Churchill, "They will not kill me, Winnie, to make you king." Dissenting Labor members may dislike the government's arms program and fear its economic and social consequences, but they know that the advent of a Tory regime would mean still greater emphasis on defense. Churchill did in fact charge that Labor's proposals were both too little and too late. However, Hugh Gaitskill, Chancellor of the Exchequer, showed that the program would raise per capita defense costs from $45 this year to $101 in 1953 and put a heavy strain on Britain's economic capacity. As for its being too late, he pointed out that a year ago Churchill was calling for less expenditure on arms so that more consumer goods could be produced. The Liberal *News Chronicles's* charge that the Tory Party "stands convicted of a party maneuver" seems thoroughly justified.

*

THAT GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED States differ in their interpretation of the Charter and the functions of the United Nations was confirmed in a very important article published in the London *News Chronicle* on January 25. Its author, Francis Williams, was press officer to the British delegation at the founding conference of the U. N. in San Francisco and consequently speaks with authority. From the beginning, he points out, there were two conceptions of the role of the U. N. "The first, behind which American opinion is strongly intrenched, is that the U. N. is the embodiment of the principle of the rule of international law. In the field of security one of its primary functions is therefore that of an international law-enforcement agency. The second springs from the conception of the U. N. as an indispensable tool of something much less automatic and precise"; or, as he describes it farther on, "an instrument of diplomacy which would take into account the long as well as the short-term consequences of any action it might take." This, in Mr. Williams's opinion, meant shifting the whole emphasis in the China debate from

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sanctions to negotiation, from force to diplomacy. It is only necessary to examine the situation in which the United Nations finds itself today to recognize the validity of Mr. Williams's analysis. Many delegations which supported without question the American resolution branding China an aggressor, are now praying that the new cease-fire committee may find some miraculous formula to induce Peking to talk peace on the terms it was ready to accept before the condemnation was voted.

*

THE NEW YORK BOARD OF REGENTS UNDER pressure from the Catholic Church, has canceled the license of the Italian film "The Miracle" previously granted by its own Motion Picture Division. This unprecedented action suggests that the continued existence of the division is a waste of the taxpayers' money. All that the Regents need do is to give licences only to those movies which have received Cardinal Spellman's approval. Of course, the Constitution does say something about the separation of church and state, but since so many of our public authorities honor this provision in the breach without arousing much public protest, perhaps we had better burn the writings of Jefferson and forget about the whole thing.

The Squeeze on Labor

WHEN the three representatives of labor withdrew from the Wage Stabilization Board last week, their action was more than a condemnation of the wage-control formula on which they had just been outvoted. It was a protest against the systematic squeeze that has all but eliminated organized labor from the planning of our national defense. Not since the days of the Great Engineer have trade-union leaders counted for less in Washington, and they have reason to fear that unless they assert themselves quickly, their influence will be frozen more effectively than anything else in the stabilization program.

From the earliest days of the international crisis labor has placed itself squarely behind the Administration, with a degree of unity unknown since John L. Lewis created the C. I. O. nearly fifteen years ago. With Communist influence literally eliminated from all the major divisions of labor, the trade-union movement has successively backed the Marshall Plan, the Atlantic Pact, the United Nations' action in Korea, and the whole concept of a mobilization program. While its initial reaction to wage stabilization was to oppose any rigid formula, it came around last December to an acceptance of wage controls. But when the stabilizers began unfreezing prices which were at an all-time high to begin with, it became obvious that there would have to be a corresponding

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thaw in wages. Labor has lowered its sights from a 15 per cent raise to 12 per cent, but the Stabilization Board's industrial and public representatives refuse to go beyond 10.

In return for a greater display of conciliation at each step of the way than might have been expected, labor has received nothing but the chilliest of cold shoulders. When Charles E. Wilson, of General Electric, agreed to serve as Mobilization Director, he exacted a price in power which, for all the desperate difficulty of recruiting top government personnel, no President should have agreed to pay. In World War II, while we were actively waging the greatest struggle of our history, William M. Knudsen received no such sweeping mandate as Wilson has been granted, and such power as he had was shared equally with labor's representative, Sidney Hillman. Yet labor accepted Wilson's rule, too, asking only that one of his top lieutenants be a trade-union leader. Instead Wilson picked General Lucius D. Clay, of the Continental Can Company, and Sidney Weinberg of the banking firm of Goldman, Sachs. Making a third try, the C. I. O., A. F. of L, Railway Brotherhoods, and Machinists cooperating to an unprecedented degree in a United Labor Policy Committee, asked the President to give the newly created man-power post to Secretary of Labor Tobin, and once again their advice was spurned. In the meantime the striking railway workers were publicly compared by the President to "Russians," incapable of keeping their word, though no comparable pressure was put upon management to quit stalling on negotiations that had dragged on for nearly two years. And to top off these grievances, as Willard Shelton pointed out in last week's issue of this magazine, Wilson let it be known that he favored the weakening of the wage-hour law during the emergency, and of other protective labor legislation painfully achieved over the years.

That emergency, as labor well knows, is not likely to be of short duration. It may, indeed, go on for years. The notion that 15,000,000 American workers, highly organized, will consent over any prolonged period to have their most vital interests arbitrarily disposed of by a coterie of bankers and industrialists is patently absurd. Particularly so when labor feels strongly that it is being asked to carry a disproportionate burden in the fight against inflation. William Green, surely among the mildest of the mild, put the matter plainly:

> . . . the government has unlimited powers over the worker's income. On the other hand, the government's power over the prices of goods and services the worker has to buy are limited and substantially less effective. Food prices, in particular, cannot be subject to effective price control. Control over rents at the present time is only partially effective. On top of this burden, the worker is expected to pay substantially higher taxes, while at the same time loopholes in our present tax structure are likely to remain open for use by higher-income families and corporations.

In the immediate issue as to whether the wage thaw should run to 10 or 12 per cent we suspend judgment until the facts and figures are in. It is quite possible that the lower figure would adequately cover the cost-of-living increase since the beginning of the Korean war. But the issue, we believe, is larger than this. The issue is one of confidence. If labor does not feel that its voice is to be heard in the mobilization councils, and heard only faintly in the White House, it will inevitably raise that voice until it is heard. The cooperative spirit that was present at the start will more and more give way to intransigence. It is to be hoped that the President's intuition will warn him in time that not even the efficiency of a Charles E. Wilson is worth the price of a rejected and aggrieved labor force, that the nation's war production can be no higher than the morale of its working people.

Reply to Stalin

NEVER has a statement from the Kremlin been subjected to more minute exegesis than Premier Stalin's interview in *Pravda.* From one end of the non-Communist world to the other political experts have been weighing every phrase, searching for clues to Moscow's intentions, for they know that Stalin is a man who never speaks for the sake of hearing himself talk.

The *Pravda* interview comprised a few apparently plain remarks whose underlying meaning remains obscure. Did his reference to Korea suggest that a negotiated settlement was still possible? Was his bitter attack on British policy an attempt to widen existing differences between Washington and London? Or was it designed, in advance of the four-power talks, to saddle the onus of war preparations on the West? Was the attack on the U. N. in preparation for possible Russian withdrawal? Was the statement that war "at least at present . . . cannot be considered inevitable" meant to dispel anxiety among the Russian people? And why did he make no mention of Germany?

The answers to these questions have reflected, in most cases, the hopes and interests of those who gave them. The only points of general agreement have been, first, that the *Pravda* interview should be considered in the context of the proposed Big Four talks and of U. N. consultations on sanctions against China; and, second, that the interview does not portend any sharp change in Moscow's policy. But if all the sifting and analyzing has simmered down to this inconclusive conclusion, at least one practical answer to the Stalin démarche is available.

The British note to Moscow, delivered ahead of schedule when the Stalin statement came out, denied the charge that Britain had violated the Anglo-Soviet treaty

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and answered vigorously and effectively the various allegations in the interview, including especially Stalin's assertion that Britain in collaboration with the American "billionaires and millionaires," was planning an aggressive war. Some of the British counter-charges leave room for dispute—especially those relating to Greece and to the disintegration of four-power control in Germany; in neither case is the blame all on one side. But the note as a whole was calm in tone and stated plainly that Britain not only had no aggressive plans itself but had no intention of reviving German militarism or allowing its zone in Germany to be a base for aggression. It also reaffirmed Britain's readiness to seek "in discussion with the Soviet Government . . . the settlement of the principal problems whose solution will make possible a real and lasting improvement in their relations."

In this spirit the three major Western powers could easily test the meaning and purpose of Stalin's words. They could discuss the issues which will comprise the agenda for the four-power meeting in terms that would provide concrete evidence of their desire for agreement rather than war, and would require the same kind of evidence from Moscow.

On the question of arms, the West could ask for figures rather than general statements about Russian demobilization and about the present size of the Soviet armed forces and those of the other Cominform states. And in return the Atlantic powers should be prepared to convince the Russians that plans for Western rearmament are flexible and would be scaled down to any point made possible by Soviet policies—military and otherwise.

On the question of Germany, the Western powers could insist upon dissolution of the East German armed police and an agreement for free, internationally supervised elections to create a reunited German state, offering on their side to keep that state neutral and disarmed.

The Western powers could demand enforcement of the treaty provisions against remilitarizing the former enemy countries in Eastern Europe, whose armies are now supposedly well above treaty strength. They could press for completion of the peace treaty with Austria—so endlessly delayed by Russian quibbling—to be followed by the withdrawal of Soviet forces from the neighboring satellite states. In return the West should agree, as Britain implicitly did in the passage quoted above, to keep hands off the Cominform area. This might go against the grain of some anti-Communists, especially in the United States, who have enlisted—and tried to enlist—the West—in a crusade to liberate all nations within the Soviet sphere. But it may as well be recognized that such a crusade implies a war of aggression which would justify Russia's worst allegations and violate our own firmly announced purposes.

If the Atlantic allies really want a settlement with Russia their reply to Stalin should take the form of proposals such as these, looking toward a democratic solution of the issues that divide East and West. Their case is a strong one, even though it has been distorted by reactionary compromises and expedients. Their long-range bargaining position is also strong in spite of the Kremlin's present superiority in man-power and arms. Instead of trying frantically to decipher Stalin's words and then meeting charge with counter-charge, they should try to find out what he is willing to do and act on that knowledge.

The Falangist International

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

IN A remarkable series of articles on Spain published in the New York *Times*, February 7-10, C. L. Sulzberger has drawn an accurate picture of the situation in Franco's realm. I can only hope they will be read by United States Senators and Representatives and by the politicians and commentators who for some time now have been obsessed by the thought of the twenty-two divisions which Spain's *Caudillo* says he can place at the service of the Western democracies. Mr. Sulzberger describes the misery in Spain, the incompetence of the regime, its irresponsibility in not concerning itself with the succession ("not even the foetus of a potential successor system is encouraged"), the reactionary character of the church, more reactionary than anywhere else in the world ("many sincere Catholics privately complain that dogma is increasingly in the outmoded form of the sixteenth century"), and the "rebellious spirit that lives in Spain," as he entitles his fourth article.

His analysis of Spain's military value to the West is very keen and should restrain the enthusiasm of Franco's friends in the Pentagon. "Could the highly unpopular governmental structure," he asks, "bear this strain, risk the possibility of letting some opposition elements gain arms, support the necessary economic stress?" As a matter of fact, many elements are only hoping that Franco will order a mobilization, so that the soldiers can turn their weapons against him.

Mr. Sulzberger makes some extremely astute observation about the Falange. It boasts, he says, that the ideology of the dictatorship has not changed and will not change, however many ambassadors and loans are supplied by the West. The regime is in fact 100 per cent fascist, and its fascism, like that of Mussolini and Hitler, is for export. Franco's Spain is today the center of the new fascist international; it really should be called the Falangist International in honor of the Generalissimo.

The Falange is helping to build fascist cadres in every country. Spain is known to be full of Nazis, and Nazi cells are being reestablished in Germany. The Nazis in

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Argentina were once the subject of a State Department "Blue Book," and their present intrigues would provide plenty of material for a new edition. Everywhere in Latin America the Spanish Falange is active. One of the most scandalous things it has done is to provide Spanish aviators to machine-gun the Colombian guerrillas: people in the United States, from whom the truth about what is happening in Latin America is systematically concealed, probably do not even know that there are guerrillas fighting the dictatorship in Colombia.

The Falange carries on its fascist propaganda in Latin America with cynical effrontery. The Franco regime knows that it has been temporarily saved from bankruptcy by the desire of certain influential American interests to make Spain—along with Germany—an essential part of the West's system of defense. Encouraged by the prospect of new loans, of millions of dollars squandered as they were in Greece, it is now engaged in fortifying the self-confidence of the Latin American dictators. No Odria, no Laureano Gomez, no military junta like that in Venezuela need fear a popular rebellion. Latin American tyrants will be protected by Point Four aid and the might of the United States. Schooled by Franco, the whole crowd of them now believe that the most hated *caudillo* can get money and arms in return for taking a strong anti-Communist stand.

It is in this context that the foreign ministers of the Latin American countries—among which the democracies can be counted on the fingers of one hand—will meet in Washington next month on President Truman's invitation. Latin American liberals and progressives, fearing that the conference will only strengthen the dictatorships, are already planning to seize the occasion to proclaim the solidarity of the democrats of the southern continent against Falangist infiltration and domestic tyranny.

Frequent complaints are heard about the ineffective propaganda of the Voice of America in the Latin republics. It is not easy, however, to export merchandise of doubtful value. You can't sell Franco in either Europe or South America by saying that his aid is necessary to the "defense of democracy." The whole strategy of the West is undermined when the United States talks of democracy and of freeing nations from the threat of communism and at the same time links arms with Franco and with the reactionary cliques in power in this hemisphere.

An intelligent policy would have sought first to rid the Western world of fascist regimes so that the democratic coalition could have appeared as the vigorous defender of the liberties of all peoples. But nothing of the sort has been done, and so no one listens to the Voice of America. How can the Voice be taken seriously when the region to which it speaks is under the domination not of the International of Human Rights but of the Falangist International?

Last Chance for Sanity

BY WILLARD SHELTON

Washington, February 15

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S new Commission on Internal Security and Individual Rights was sworn in this week, and its first meeting began, appropriately, with prayers offered by the Reverend Karl Morgan Block and the Reverend Emmett M. Walsh, two of the members. It is not irreverent, I think, to suggest that the commission stands in urgent need of guidance and help beyond the scope of human instrumentalities. Conceived in the highest of purposes, headed by Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, it is certain to find itself continuously bedeviled by the clamorous witch hunts of the McCarthy-McCarran clique on Capitol Hill, abetted by the more venomous sections of the anti-Administration press.

Admiral Nimitz has already suffered a few dagger thrusts. One might think that the character assassins would hesitate to attack the integrity, patriotism, and proved capabilities of the man who commanded our Pacific naval forces throughout the Japanese war. But as soon as his appointment was announced, the cry was raised that, as a regent of the University of California, Nimitz had refused to vote with the majority which imposed disgraceful loyalty oaths on the faculty. George Sokolsky wrote a column suggesting that Nimitz was a creature of Donald S. Dawson, one of Mr. Truman's administrative assistants, that Dawson would name the commission's staff, and that Nimitz was an innocent dupe behind whom the treasonous Administration hoped to skulk.

Mr. Truman has granted the commission broad powers and set it an admirable objective. It has complete authority to make "a thorough examination of the laws, practices, and procedures concerning the protection of our nation against treason, espionage, sabotage, and other subversive activities," and to recommend any changes needed to strike "the wisest balance between security and freedom." It will review procedures of the loyalty program covering federal employees and can examine the confidential personnel-security files of government agencies. Differences of opinion regarding the nature of our internal-security precautions, the President said earnestly, "must not degenerate into partisan controversies."

If the Nimitz commission had been appointed six or eight months ago, when such a group—above and beyond politics—was originally urged on the President, its creation might have done a great deal of good. It might have lifted to another plane the investigations of the State Department called for by the demagogic charges of Senator McCarthy. Today it seems almost naive to say that discussion of security "must not degenerate into

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partisan controversies." In the interval since the Tydings committee made its report last June, correctly describing the Wisconsin Senator's accusations as a hoax and a fraud, the McCarthy-McCarran group has tasted blood.

Tydings himself has been driven from the Senate. McCarran has forced through Congress, despite a Presidential veto, a tyrannous and vindictive internal-security act. Richard Nixon, formerly of the House Un-American Activities Committee, has been elected to the Senate, badly defeating the liberal Democrat Helen Gahagan Douglas, who used to vote against appropriations for Nixon's committee, McCarthy, a tough and dangerous man whose strength should never be underestimated, has been recognized by the Republican Party as an asset, and the Taft-Wherry leadership has granted him new party positions of power and prestige. One is a choice post on the Appropriations subcommittee that handles State Department funds. As senior Republican member of the Committee on Executive Expenditures, McCarthy himself "bumped" the liberal Margaret Chase Smith from an investigating subcommittee and replaced her with Nixon. Senator Taft as early as 1948 was capable of attacking David Lilienthal as "soft toward communism and Russia" and now appears ready to use McCarthy as an aide in his campaign for the 1952 Presidential nomination.

Senator McCarran, who though a Democrat is even more hostile than McCarthy to the Truman Administration, also occupies key positions from which he can harry the executive branch, the Nimitz commission, and any poor devil of a government worker who had the misfortune to tie himself, no matter how briefly or how long ago, to some little Communist-front organization now on the Attorney General's "subversive" list. McCarran is chairman of the powerful Judiciary Committee and of the Appropriations subcommittee on State Department funds to which McCarthy has just been named by the Republicans. He is chairman of a special subcommittee on foreign economic cooperation that this week issued a report intimating that the United States ought to abandon Western Europe to Russia because cowardly Europeans don't want to fight themselves.

It is conceivable that the Nimitz commission may do some good in the face of the McCarthy-McCarran-Taft-Wherry drive to persuade the public that all New Dealers are Russian spies and that anybody who disbelieves in Chiang Kai-shek is a "poor policy risk" if not a traitor to America. Its members appear to be people of integrity, and they are operating under a directive of great scope and authority. If they do their job well, they may contribute to a recovery of political sanity and a repudiation of witch-hunting techniques. But let us have no illusions about keeping issues of individual freedom and internal security—or the operations of the Nimitz commission itself—above the level of "partisan controversies." They are already matters of partisan controversy, and they will be crucial issues in the Presidential election of 1952.

The Nazis Go Free

BY TELFORD TAYLOR

WHATEVER praise or blame history may ultimately lay at the door of the Nürnberg trials, no one is ever likely to charge that the sentences there imposed were insufficiently reviewed. Under the procedure established for the twelve Military Government trials in the American zone, after the experienced judges who heard the cases had pronounced the sentences, the Legal Division of Military Government reviewed the records and reported to General Clay its conclusions and recommendations. General Clay, on the basis of these reports and a close personal examination of all the death and many of the heavier prison sentences, decided whether to confirm or reduce them. Most were confirmed, but one of the death sentences—of an S. S. concentration-camp administrator—was reduced to life imprisonment.

This was supposed to complete the process. In March, 1950, however, High Commissioner McCloy appointed a three-man "Advisory Board on Clemency for War Criminals" to make a second review of the sentences. The board sat in Munich for forty days during the summer of 1950, considered written petitions and oral presentations by fifty defense counsel representing the convicted Nürnberg criminals confined at Landsberg in Bavaria. These were ex parte proceedings; no representatives of the prosecution were heard. The board's recommendations were submitted to Mr. McCloy on August 28, 1950. In its letter of transmittal the board declared that it had read all the judgments (some 3,000 pages) of the Nürnberg tribunals. One must infer that time did not permit the board to study the records (more than 330,000 pages of testimony, exclusive of documentary exhibits) on which the judgments were based. After

TELFORD TAYLOR, formerly brigadier general in the United tSates Army and chief United States prosecutor at the Nürnberg war-crimes trials, now practices law in New York.

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receiving this report, and on the basis of his own judgment, Mr. McCloy announced his decision on January 31, 1951.

In the introduction to his statement Mr. McCloy declares that he has "striven to temper justice with mercy." Having perused this document, however, I am reluctantly forced to the conclusion that, however well-intentioned, it is the embodiment of political expediency, distorted by a thoroughly unsound approach to the law and the facts, to say nothing of the realities of contemporary world politics. Mr. McCloy paints his action as an effort to iron out discrepancies in severity and to consider individual circumstances justifying clemency. Analysis shows, however, that what he has done approximates a blanket commutation of sentences.

IN THESE 12 Nürnberg cases 177 defendants were tried, of whom 142 were convicted. When the board reported to McCloy, 104 convicts were still in Landsberg: the shorter sentences had meanwhile expired, a few convicts had died in prison or been released on medical parole, and death sentences imposed in the "medical experimentation" case had been executed. When Mr. McCloy released his decision, the 104 had already dwindled to 89—as a result of the expiration of more sentences, hastened by crediting the convicts with ten days per month for good behavior, and of the commutation of sentence and release of von Weizsäcker. *Of these 89 convicts, 78 received a reduction in sentence by virtue of Mr. McCloy's decision. And of these 78, commutation of sentence to time already served was granted to 31 convicts, all of whom were promtply set at liberty.* Among them were Alfried Krupp and all eight of his fellow-convicts from the Krupp management, seven S. S. officers who had participated in the over-all administration and management of the concentration-camp system, four other S. S. officers convicted of racial atrocities, four generals, three government ministers, three judges, and one doctor.

Of the eleven sentences not reduced, five were death sentences imposed on Pohl, Ohlendorf, and three other S. S. mass-murderers. Three were prison terms imposed on generals. The remaining three were life sentences imposd on Fieldmarshal List and General Kuntze (for the murder of hostages in the Balkans) and Franz Schlegelberger, Acting Minister of Justice in Hitler's Cabinet. Schlegelberger, however, was liberated on medical parole, and applications for a similar parole were invited by Mr. McCloy from List and Kuntze.

It is hard to find much evidence of judicious selectivity in this wholesale dispensation. What strange concepts of justice or notions of political expediency dictated the setting at large of eleven S. S. felons in the explosive atmosphere of present-day Germany? Count Schwerin von Krosigk, Minister of Finance throughout the Hitler regime, signed the infamous decree of July 1, 1943, which outlawed the Jews and remitted them to the tender mercies of the Gestapo. For this and other crimes his ten-year sentence was moderate to say the least; today he is at liberty.

Alfried Krupp Seligson

S. S. General Gottlob Berger was one of Himmler's right-hand men, deeply involved in the abduction of children and in numerous other hideous atrocities. His twenty-five-year sentence Mr. McCloy reduced to ten; with good-behavior credits he will be freed in 1952. Mr. McCloy was favorably impressed by Berger's intervention "toward the end of the war" to prevent the execution of Allied officers held as hostages. Impending defeat worked wonders with the morals of many Nazi villains; Himmler himself essayed the incongruous role of peace-maker by abusing the good officers of Folke Bernadotte.

Numerous other appalling instances could be listed. Especially puzzling is the fact that Mr. McCloy admittedly went beyond the recommendations of the Clemency Board in commuting the death sentences of some—which ones he does not reveal—of the S. S. *Einsatz* murderers, who "liquidated" over a million Jews in western Russia. Among the nine reprieved we find, for example, S. S. Lieutenant Schubert, who confessed to supervising the shooting of 700 to 800 Jews and gipsies in the vicinity of Simferopol at Christmas time, 1941. His death sentence was commuted to ten years' imprisonment, and he will soon be out. Shades of the American soldiers who were executed by our own courts martial for crimes against individual civilians!

Mr. McCloy is, or has been, a good lawyer, and he has legal advisers of excellent caliber. It is surprising, therefore, that his statement is woefully imprecise and throws no light on the reasons for many of his decisions. By and large he seems to have been less lenient toward the generals than the other occupational categories. Yet among the four generals released was Wilhelm Speidel, brother of General Hans Speidel, who is one of the two military representatives of the Bonn government to "negotiate" German rearmament with the Allied authorities. General Wilhelm Speidel, one-time military commander in Greece, was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment for

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the criminal execution of many hundreds of hostages. No other general with so heavy a sentence was released; several with lighter sentences were not released. No hint is given as to why Wilhelm Speidel was thus favored. In view of his brother Hans's present status and functions, this unexplained action is bound to give rise to suspicions and inferences of the most damaging type.

BUT in large perspective the outstanding feature of the McCloy dispensations is the blanket release of all the Krupp convicts and rescission of the court order forfeiting Alfried Krupp's properties. With respect to his commutation of the prison sentences, Mr. McCloy declared that the Krupp managers were no guiltier than the Flick and I. G. Farben convicts whose shorter prison terms had already expired, and there is some merit to this point, in so far as a comparison with the leading Farben defendants may be thought relevant.

Mr. McCloy, however, did not content himself with this explanation. That slave labor was criminallly utilized in the Krupp plants, and that these wretched deportees were inhumanly treated, "being constantly subjected to corporal punishment and other cruelties," Mr. McCloy admits in so many words. But "the industrial concern and its management were not primarily responsible for this treatment." This is bad logic and worse law. Accomplices, accessories, and co-conspirators are severely punished every day in our own courts for complicity in crimes for which they are not "primarily responsible." As the tribunal of able career judges from the appellate benches of Connecticut, Tennessee, and Washington found, Krupp cooperated with the Nazi government's slave-labor policies, not reluctantly or under duress, but willingly.

Most unfortunate of all, Mr. McCloy gives the impression of sneering at the very idea that industrialists can be guilty of war crimes in his deprecation of "whatever guilt these defendants [the Krupps] may have shared for having taken a consenting part" in the plunder of occupied countries and the deportation and enslavement of their citizens. Particularly in the light of Mr. McCloy's own personal background as a Wall Street lawyer representing large industrial corporations, this is ill-advised language which the Communists are sure to seize upon, to the grave detriment of our national interests. In fact, as the tribunal found, Krupp's complicity in the use and abuse of slave labor was no mere "consenting part." Krupp, like I. G. Farben, undertook the construction of a plant near the Auschwitz concentration camp, with the avowed expectation of using the inmates as a labor supply. And in June, 1944, at a meeting attended by Alfried Krupp, it was decided to explore the possibilities of employing "prisoners and convicts" at Krupp's Geisenheim plant. "Negotiations" to this end were carried on with the concentration camp near Geisenheim.

Accordingly, the tribunal was abundantly justified in speaking of the plight of "the thousands of helpless victims whom they [the Krupp firm] daily exposed to danger of death and great bodily harm." In the light of the judgment and the evidence, the sentences of six to twelve years imposed by the tribunal were quite sufficiently tempered with mercy, and there was not the slightest excuse for Mr. McCloy's interference.

What is the motivation, conscious or unconscious, behind Mr. McCloy's sweeping "clemency"? He is a man of integrity, and credit is due him for having at least resisted strong pressure from Bonn to commute all the death sentences and release all the generals "to restore the honor of the German army." There is no reason to believe that he has not acted in accordance with his own best judgment, distorted as that judgment appears to be.

In substantial measure, however, these pressures are the inevitable result of inexcusable delay in resolving the issue. Pohl and Ohlendorf and their cohorts were condemned to death in the winter of 1947-48, and if Mr. McCloy was determined to grant them a second review, there is still no sufficient reason why it could not have been completed within the first six months of his tenure of office. Had he not permitted the pot to boil so long, there would have been far less steam.

It appears to me that Mr. McCloy has been deluded into the belief that the Germans will regard his "clemency" as a demonstration of American fairness and good-will. We shall soon see how wide of the mark he has shot. True democrats in Germany will not applaud the release of Krupp directors and S. S. concentration-camp administrators. Nor will German nationalist sentiment be appeased. For the ultra-nationalists, Nürnberg has become an invaluable whipping-boy. These commutations will be seized upon as tantamount to a confession that the trials were the product of Allied vengeance and hate rather than the embodiment of law. Wittingly or not, Mr. McCloy has dealt a blow to the principles of international law and concepts of humanity for which we fought the war.

Saddest of all is the political naivete of Mr. McCloy's approach. There is no group of Germans whom the peoples of Eastern Europe have better cause to hate and fear than men like Berger and his S. S. henchmen. There is no symbol of German militarism more potent in Western Europe than the name "Krupp." The reaction to Mr. McCloy's decisions in both England and France has been one of anger and bewilderment.

We are engaged today in a mortal struggle to suppress the menace of communism in the West and undermine its freezing grip on the East. By these commutations we have added a powerful new weapon to the Kremlin's propaganda arsenal, and it will not be long before we feel the sharpness of its edge and the power of its thrust.

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The High Cost of Total War

BY FRITZ STERNBERG

WE ARE in the midst of a major debate on American foreign policy, a debate that will continue for some time. Meanwhile we shall be carrying out the planned transformation of the American peace-time economy into an armament economy—not a war economy, for military expenditures at their peak will amount to hardly more than 18 per cent of our national income. And we shall begin to create a European-American army strong enough to prevent a Russian break-through to the Atlantic.

Public opinion is almost unanimous on the necessity of raising our military expenditures but is sharply divided on foreign policy, and especially on one of its most important features—a European-American army. The differences cut across party lines. Among the Republicans, Governor Dewey, twice a Presidential candidate, favors an army of one hundred divisions, while Senator Taft, probably the party's most influential representative today, declares that a large American ground force, in addition to a strong air force and navy, would weaken the United States to such an extent that the Soviet bloc would actually be strengthened. Mr. Hoover, for his part, wants to see the United States defended by a few "Gibraltars"; he has written off continental Europe without seriously considering what the repercussions of a Soviet empire reaching to the Atlantic would be for Britain and the United States. The expression of such diametrically opposed views by leading spokesmen of the same party is a measure of the prevailing confusion—a confusion which derives largely from a failure to see the interrelated aims of American foreign policy in their proper proportions.

The United States has been the greatest world power for such a short time—only since World War II—that people here are not really familiar with world affairs. They have not sufficient background knowledge to evaluate properly the factors that determine foreign policy. Since the beginning of the Korean war, British newspapers and magazines have been in striking contrast to the American press, both in tone and in content. The British press tries not to oversimplify a complex situation; conclusions are drawn only after a consideration of all the factors. The American press, on the other hand, expresses a mixture of arrogance and fear; overemphasizing one or two features, it gives a distorted impression of the world panorama.

FRITZ STERNBERG, author of "How to Stop the Russians Without War," will bring out a new book this spring, to be called "Capitalism and Socialism on Trial."

Because the situation is so complex and a third world war would be so catastrophic for everybody, it is hard to present the facts unemotionally and rationally, which means in their proper proportions. Unfortunately, Americans have not been given a true picture of their part in World War II. In most of the articles, pamphlets, and books which appeared during the war, and even in those published later, America's contribution was depicted as the decisive factor. We were told many times that we were engaged in a "total" war, and after it was over that we had made tremendous sacrifices. That was not really so. We did win the war against Japan almost single-handed, but in that war there was no battle in which millions of men were locked in combat. When we shifted to the offensive, we were opposed by Japanese contingents made up of only a few divisions, and Japan capitulated before it was invaded. Only on one front did we face millions of the enemy—on the German front, where our troops fought for about one year.

What was the relative strength of the antagonists on the western front? What man-power reserves were available on both sides? America, Britain, and the "white" British dominions numbered about 220,000,000 people; Germany and Austria 80,000,000—Germany's allies fought only on the eastern front. Between 1941 and 1944 Germany had the bulk of its troops in the east, and still kept the majority of them there in 1944-45. Even if Germany had not been already at war with Russia, it would at most have used only half of its industrial, military, and man-power potential on the western front—that is, the man-power that could be furnished by a population of about 40,000,000. As things were, the number of troops that Germany used in the west was probably based on a man-power potential of at most 20,000,000 to 30,000,000. Thus the Allies had a tremendous superiority in man-power reserves.

The same superiority was enjoyed in munitions. Raymond W. Goldsmith, in an article in *Military Affairs* (spring, 1946) entitled The Power of Victory, Output in World War II, summarizes the situation as follows:

> The rapid success of the invasion of the Continent in 1944 finds its counterpart among these figures on the massive preponderance of the cumulated and current production of munitions in the hands of the attacking forces. The United States, the United Kingdom, and Canada in the eighteen months preceding the invasion and during the first six months after its start produced over $60 billion of munitions, if it is assumed that slightly over one-half of the American and about four-

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fifths of the British and Canadian armaments output was destined for the European theater. Germany and her satellites on the other hand during that period turned out less than $15 billion for use on the western front, if total output be apportioned on the basis of estimated troop strength each year on the two fronts. *The Allies' advantage thus was of the order of five to one,* a figure that may help to explain the relatively short duration of operations in the west. (Italics mine.)

In the one year of World War II when America had millions of troops engaged in ground fighting, it had such overwhelming superiority in man-power *and* munitions that victory was not only swift but relatively inexpensive. American losses were extremely small compared with those of the Germans and Russians. In an article in the "Encyclopedia Britannica" General George C. Marshall gives the figures for dead and missing military personnel:

United States: 295,904, or 1 in every 500 of the 1940 population;

Germany: 2,850,000, or 1 in every 25 of its 1940 population;

Union of Soviet Socialist Republics: 7,500,000, or 1 in every 22 of its 1940 population.

Thus in contrast to Germany and Russia, which in the literal sense waged *total* war, America, thanks to favorable circumstances, waged a very *partial* war.

Moreover, in World War II this country was the *one great power that, in the field and even more at home, waged only partial war.* It was the only major nation that was not bombed and that—in part by putting from eight to ten million unemployed at work—was able to raise production to such a peak that in the course of the war the standard of living went up for millions of Americans and remained relatively stable for the majority, while after the war it rose for everybody.

IF AT the close of the war it had been pounded home to the American people that they had waged only partial war and in a military sense had been forced to make only a limited effort, and if the reason for this had been explained to them, they would now be able to appraise more realistically the dimensions of the problem before them. That problem can be expressed in a sentence: in a war with the Soviet bloc the American-led coalition cannot possibly have the superiority in arms and man-power that the Americans and British had over Germany in 1944 and 1945. This is true for the following reasons. In the first place, America will be involved from the beginning, in contrast to World War II, when it came in more than two years after hostilities started. And, secondly, America's allies will be weaker than they were in the last war and its enemies stronger.

In comparing man-power strength let us confine ourselves to Europe, because that is where the battles that will be militarily and politically decisive will be fought. Russia has more than 190,000,000 people; the satellite states bring the figure up to approximately 270,000,000. England, France, Western Germany, and Italy have about 45,000,000 each; Belgium, the Netherlands, Denmark, and Norway together about 25,000,000. Thus the countries with whose help the United States is to build up a European army—leaving out Yugoslavia—have a population of about 200,000,000, which is far below that of the Soviet bloc. Britain, moreover, must always keep part of its troops overseas. Obviously America must make a major contribution to balance the scales. The question is, and this should be the focal point of discussion in days to come, how large a contribution?

With its 150,000,000 people America would be able to provide the man-power for an American-European army that could stop a Russian offensive, even if considerable reserves were held in readiness for Far Eastern and other campaigns. The United States has about 75 per cent as many people as Western Europe, including Western Germany. In some proposals voiced up to now, however, it has been suggested that the United States should organize one division to each six of the European countries; Senator Taft has suggested one American to nine European divisions. Regardless of what course American policy takes, if a ratio of even one to five is officially adopted, the West's efforts to contain Russian military might are doomed to failure. Responsible European statesmen will see in this kind of American military collaboration no chance of building an American-European army adequate for the defense of Europe. The idea that if America sends the arms, Europe can set up the required number of divisions, thus keeping down the number of American troops needed, is an illusion.

A pact on this basis would meet determined opposition in Europe, the kind of opposition that already finds expression in the "neutralism" now rapidly spreading even beyond the circles influenced by the Communists. If Europe is expected to make a supreme military effort despite the proximity of the Russians—the border of the Russian occupation zone in Germany is only 150 miles from France—then the formation of these new European divisions must be synchronized with the formation of new American divisions; most Europeans will consider twenty American divisions an absolute necessity in an army totaling sixty divisions.

It is noteworthy that of the hundreds of editorials that took up and answered Hoover's speech, hardly any commented on his criticism of the European effort in setting up a European army. Hoover, it will be remembered, said that only after the European countries themselves had made a supreme effort, should this country step into the picture. Let us look at the facts. The formation of a European army depends primarily on Britain, France, and West Germany. Hoover is probably aware that according

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to the analysis of the Bank of International Settlements, Britain, in 1949-50, before the outbreak of the Korean war, spent a larger percentage of its national income on defense than the United States—namely, 7.4 per cent to our 5.9 per cent. Even in France the percentage was only slightly below the American figure, that is, 5 per cent, and France introduced universal military service many years ago. In the same period in which American military expenditures will rise to around 18 per cent of the national income, British and French military expenditures will reach approximately the same percentage.

THE Germans have not yet made any contribution toward a European army; even if they wanted to, they could not do anything without the permission of America, Britain, and France. The French have been reluctant to consent to German remilitarization because they are strongly aware of the danger inherent in the establishment of a German army. But precisely this danger would be lessened *if the United States were to assume a burden more in proportion to its man-power.* If the new American-European army is backed by the reserves and man-power of 350,000,000 Americans and Europeans, then the danger that it may be dominated by the Germans —who have less than one-seventh of this man-power— is greatly reduced. As the British rightly emphasize, such a plan would serve to scale down the German share to a proper proportion.

Expansion of the United States army to meet the demands of the present situation would necessitate extensive changes in the structure of the American division. It has often been pointed out that in an American division a much larger number of men is required to maintain one soldier at the front than in a Russian or, it should be added, a French, British, or any other European division. In World War II man-power could be used wastefully, since we had tremendous superiority on the most important front. Today we do not have that superiority, and considerable reorganization in the structure of the individual American division will be required to increase the fighting strength at the front.

I do not want this article to convey the impression that war is inevitable. I think war can be avoided. But it makes little difference whether one believes, with Mr. Acheson, that the military strength of the West must be restored before negotiations can be safely carried on

The Government is impossible! Why don't they refuse to pay unfair meat prices and bring down the cost of living?
I quite agree. They should give in to Peron and put up the price of meat. Who cares what it costs?
Quite, quite! And they should build up our old coal exports instead of wasting coal on their blasted nationalised industries
How true! Why starve the nation's industry of its coal and send it all away to the blasted export market?
You're right! .... stop shilly-shallying and organise the country for defence and prosperity!
Absolutely, yes! and do away with controls and pushing people around and let the steel industry look after itself!
I GET IT! IF YOU'RE COCKEYED WITH PREJUDICE ANY GOVERNMENT CAN BE ALWAYS WRONG!

CONFUSION AMONG THE TORY CHILD-MINDS

London *Daily Herald*

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with the Russians, or whether one maintains that negotiations now may avert the necessity of creating in the West a massive war machine with all its political and economic consequences. In either case we must face the facts set forth in this article—namely, that our military program, and the foreign policy that underlies it, can have no reality so long as they continue to be based, not on present conditions, but on those of the last war.

After the Pleven Visit

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, February 13

NOW that with the adoption of the China resolution humanity is said to have passed another milestone on its way to the third world war, it may be salutary to try to disentangle the intricate network of French policy. What was the reality of the Pleven visit to Washington, and what was propaganda for American consumption?

Ever since the French government started its ferocious drive against the "neutralists," the Gaullist press has been denouncing the Pleven ministry as so many "neutralists in disguise." Observers closer to the government are heard remarking these days: *"Ne vous en faites pas.* It isn't as serious as it looks. There's an awful lot of play-acting about it all." This, I think, is too sweeping a generalization. There is a lot of play-acting in the government's assurances about the complete identity of views between France and the United States, but not so much in its dealings with the Communists and those other dissenters now conveniently branded "neutralists" and "defeatists."

In a remarkable article in *Le Monde* of January 31, M. Beuve-Méry, the editor, raises a question of tremendous gravity: namely, is a French brand of McCarthyism, a high wind of suspicion and slander, going to sweep the country—tomorrow will it take great courage to say that it's raining if the Communists have had the Machiavellian idea of saying so, too? M. Beuve-Méry seemed in a hurry to put down on paper a number of useful home truths before McCarthyism begins to wield its ax. (Heaven knows, there is plenty of pressure, not least from the United States, to get "neutralist" Beuve-Méry pushed off his editorial chair at *Le Monde.*) His main points are well worth recording:

1. The great majority of Westerners do not want "Stalinist" communism. But they realize that to avoid communism in Western Europe it is also necessary to avoid war. Military victory would not guarantee the liberties of the West—far from it.

2. One does not necessarily preserve peace by preparing for war. On the contrary, war has always been the natural end of an armaments race. War becomes inevitable as soon as the economic and psychological consequences of the armaments race become intolerable. This does not mean that Western Europe must be left defenseless. But rearmament alone is not enough. A constructive policy is needed.

3. While all good Frenchmen are agreed on the need to maintain peace, some would give priority to rearmament and others to keeping the country in a healthy economic condition. Some rejoice at American help; others are alarmed by the inequality between "the two great allies." The government must find a course which will save both peace and the benefits of American aid.

4. Unfortunately, French governments, hampered by an unstable parliamentary position, have always tended to take the line of least resistance. When decisions cannot be postponed any longer, the "inevitable" is accepted—the war in Vietnam, the Atlantic Pact, and the rearmament of Germany.

5. All this is wrapped up in a lot of rhetoric about France's love of peace and its independence and moderation. Then, for American consumption, scapegoats are invented, and everyone's uncertainties are piled on the head of the mythical neutralist. Fear of being suspected of neutralism may ultimately lead French statesmen to subscribe to a holy war against the Communist half of the world, especially since it is technically far easier to plan aggression than common defense. This would turn Europe into a heap of ruins.

6. With the war fever mounting in the United States, with MacArthur ready to fight for a "free Asia," with American aid perpetuating the war in Indo-China, France is in danger, through sheer inertia, of being dragged into a total war.

What, then, is the way out? The French government, says Beuve-Méry, needs immense moral courage. It must do its utmost to create a strong allied defense force in Western Europe. It must persuade the United States that it is much too late to crush communism throughout the world. It must make it plain to the United States that it will not enter any war launched without its having been consulted. It must convince the Russians and the Chinese that if they would agree to abandon territorial expansion, they would benefit economically. It must give the French people a greater sense of civic responsibility,

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more self-confidence, something constructive to work for that would reduce the temptation to join the Communist Party in desperation.

The article, I gather, has caused great annoyance among Americans here, especially because it has demonstrated that neutralism is simply a refusal to follow the United States blindly. It has also debunked some of the high-minded nonsense written about the Pleven visit to Washington. The visit was, of course, a "success"—a much greater success than Attlee's visit two months ago, when no reference was made, in the final communiqué, to the *unanimity* of the two countries. Pleven said that two great allied nations could have different views on a common policy, but that this common policy did not suffer so long as they did not forget the aim, which was to defend their independence and peace. But what a quibble, really! What a piece of window-dressing, too! The statement was no doubt intended to show that France was not "subservient," that it was an equal partner with the United States. And yet it is impossible to escape the impression that all along Pleven was doing his utmost to sound like the Good Boy of Europe.

One of the purposes of the Washington visit, to which Pleven "got himself invited," was probably a purely internal one: to heighten his prestige at home as the man who "did so well with Truman" and to make it seem most unwise to turn him out of office. Pleven is, in fact, in a difficult spot, not least over the seemingly insoluble problem of electoral reform, a matter on which his coalition has so far been totally incapable of agreeing. Will he break his neck over it yet—despite the success of the Washington visit? Many think so, including the author of a Racinian alexandrine: *"Et parti pour rester il revient pour partir."*

BUT whether Pleven stays or not is relatively unimportant. What matters is the American attitude to France as displayed during his visit, which for various reasons was extremely cordial. First of all, if Britain voted the "aggressor" resolution obviously under duress, France did it quite cheerfully; M. Pleven greatly improved his advance publicity by hastening to announce France's intention during his brief landing in Ireland. Secondly, whatever Pleven's own mental reservations, France, in the American view, has now subscribed to America's Far Eastern policy and is ready to support its "total strategy" both in the Far East and in Europe. Indo-China, so ruinous to French finances and military strength in Europe, is a weapon that the United States has used with tremendous effect. To pursue the war there, France needs ample help. To evacuate, if necessary, the French forces in Tonkin to Cochin-China, France needs the good offices of the American navy. As one French observer, sympathetic to the Pleven mission, put it: "Although, by pursuing its war in Indo-China, France will be militarily weaker in Europe, it will become diplomatically stronger all around by throwing in its lot with the United States in the Far East."

Indo-China, more than anything else, is what *Le Monde* calls France's stifling mortgage. In French business circles as well as on the left, the possibility of negotiating with Ho Chi Minh is not regarded as out of the question; from everybody's point of view, it is said, negotiation would be better than pulverizing Indo-China in Korean fashion—but will the United States allow any overtures to be made?

Is not France the Good Boy of Europe? Eisenhower, while ignoring Britain's rearmament effort, made a point of patting the French on the back. But much in the two Eisenhower speeches left the French wondering. How many American troops were really going to be sent to Europe? Was Eisenhower really against rearming Germany? What he said in Washington was different from what he said in Bonn and Frankfort, but was it entirely contradictory? At heart no French government wants to follow MacArthur or any other American general or statesman blindly, and as I said, there was a lot of play-acting in the ardent display of pro-Americanism. But it is a dangerous game, for it might convince the more explosive elements in the United States that France will play ball in *all* circumstances.

The French people want one thing only; that is to avoid war. As François Mauriac declared in *Figaro*, to save the peace is the most sacred mission of the present generation. War for France would mean annihilation, as is proved by the appalling accounts of what is happening in Korea, where every house and every civilian are treated as "military targets" by the American air force, even in "allied" South Korea. In this context Eisenhower's appeal to the French to revive the heroic spirit displayed by their fathers at Verdun sounds singularly unrealistic. A solid defense force in the West—yes. But, please, no heroics about a Verdun against atom bombs.

Another disturbing development is symbolized by McCloy's infinite charity to all the Nazi gangsters and murderers, a charity which is already having its repercussions in France. What are mere Vichyites compared with the killers of Buchenwald? Thanks to McCloy and his colleagues, French collaborators feel trebly whitewashed, and while until recently Vichyite propaganda was chiefly confined to semi-private publications like *Aspects de France*, the notorious Alfred Fabre-Luce has now come out with a spectacular sheet, called *Rivarol*, which with its frantic praise of Vichyism, its pro-Nazism, and a pinch of anti-Semitism, promises to develop into the *Gringoire* of our days. It is very pro-American, of course. "Into battle with Franco and Syngman Rhee for freedom and Christ" might well be its motto. It is a sign of the times, and I suspect it is less likely ever to be confiscated by the police than a Communist or even neutralist sheet.

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Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Britain's Coal Crisis

NOT the least of Britain's present troubles is a serious shortage of coal which has necessitated a 15 per cent cut in supplies to industry, a curtailment of railroad services, and a blackout of store windows and advertising signs. Distributed stocks have been steadily declining and on January 27 were only one and a half million tons above the danger-point level—nine million tons, or two weeks' consumption.

To meet this situation the British government has taken steps—very belatedly according to its critics—both to conserve supplies and to expand production. Last October British exports of coal were sharply reduced, a move very upsetting to a number of European countries which suffer from chronic fuel shortages, and at the same time arrangements were made to import coal from this country and South Africa. Meanwhile voluntary operation of Saturday shifts by the miners has been adding to production, and an increase in wages, together with promises of other benefits, seems to have halted, temporarily at least, the drift of workers from the pits. In the last few weeks output has been higher than at the beginning of 1950, despite an appreciable decline in the number of miners employed, and unless Britain is smitten by exceptionally bad weather, it will probably surmount the crisis without being forced, as in 1947, to close down large sections of industry.

But while the shortage may cease to present an immediately acute problem by April, it seems likely to remain as a chronic difficulty. Coal production is rising, but domestic consumption is keeping ahead of it, while there is a huge unsatisfied foreign demand amounting to three or four times the export total of 12,200,000 tons in 1950. Moreover, British coal is not only scarce but increasingly expensive. On February 2 Philip Noel-Baker, Minister of Fuel and Power, told the House of Commons that he had agreed to an increase of about 60 cents a ton in the pit-head price of coal. It was necessary, he said, to cover high labor and material costs and the losses which the National Coal Board would incur on emergency imports of American coal.

Not surprisingly, critics of public enterprise have seized on this situation with avidity. Here, we are told, we see the inevitable outcome of nationalization of the British mining industry—too little coal at too high cost. I note, however, that while British Tories take this line they do not advocate the return of the mines to private ownership. Their failure to propose this remedy is not due merely to recognition of the difficulty of unscrambling eggs. It is also because all who have studied the British coal situation—no matter what their political beliefs—are bound to conclude that its present troubles would have been experienced in an exaggerated form had the industry remained in private hands. Prices would certainly have risen still more, for it would have been necessary to fix them at levels sufficient to induce owners of high-cost pits—whose output cannot be dispensed with—to continue in operation. The National Coal Board, on the other hand, can cover losses from such mines with profits from the more efficient properties. Again, private ownership would surely have accelerated the drift of workers from the industry which has been going on in spite of the important improvements in working conditions that have been achieved under nationalization.

All the same, the Labor government can in one sense be held responsible for the present coal problem. If it had not kept its promise to maintain full employment, it probably would not be struggling with a coal shortage. For full employment puts a two-way squeeze on coal supplies. In the first place, it adds to the demand for fuel both in its raw state and transmuted into electric power. In 1950 domestic industrial consumption of coal in Britain was 35,000,000 tons greater than in 1938, but in 1950 industrial production was some 40 per cent above that in 1938 and there were only about 300,000 people unemployed on the average compared to well over 1,500,000 in the pre-war year.

In 1938 there was no man-power problem in the coal industry, for the mining valleys were full of men who couldn't find jobs. They might hate their dangerous and dirty trade, but for most of them there was no alternative. Under present conditions, however, the demand for good workers in other trades is greater than the supply, and a steady stream of miners moves to more attractive jobs, even though mining wages, relatively low before the war, are now relatively high. As a result, during the last two years there has been a net overflow of 35,000 men from the mining industry.

Since the beginning of the year the trend has been checked. But it would be optimistic to suppose that this is more than a temporary change in direction, and the National Union of Mineworkers has, rather reluctantly, recognized the difficulties of the National Coal Board to the extent of agreeing to the employment of some 10,000 Italians who formerly worked in the Belgian mines.

The long-run solution for the problem is, of course, greater productivity, and in fact there has been a slow but fairly steady improvement in output per man-shift since the mines were nationalized. Eventually, the National Coal Board hopes to raise total production by some 35,000,000 tons with 80,000 fewer miners than at present. But success depends on a vast investment program which, even if not sidetracked by defense needs, will not be completed for fifteen years.

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SINCLAIR LEWIS

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

SINCLAIR LEWIS loved notoriety almost as much as he loved fame, and he sought one almost as ardently as the other. What looked like both came to him rather early—he was thirty-five years old in 1920 when "Main Street" was published—and he had not outlived his reputation when he died at sixty-six. Two years after "Main Street" came the equally sensational "Babbitt"; after that a diminishing series of novels which, nevertheless, included such successful books as "Arrowsmith," "Elmer Gantry," "Dodsworth," and "It Can't Happen Here." For all the disorderly vehemence of his life he was a hard worker, and he did not give up, as many another writer has done, when it became evident that he could never again enjoy such a furor as he had once created. But he must have asked himself the question which is inevitably asked now: Had he won some enduring fame or was it all mere notoriety?

Like H. L. Mencken—whose permanence seems much less open to question—Lewis was that not unfamiliar paradox, the writer whose name is made a household word by the very people whom it was his special delight to attack. Just as every member of the boobocracy knew Mencken's name and, likely enough, could quote him, so "Main Street" lay on the tables of half the Main Street parlors, and Babbitts defending babbittry used the term with which he had supplied them. That, of course, proves nothing against him, may indeed be a point in his favor, since the enduring novelists, more consistently perhaps than the enduring writers in any other form, have tended to win easily a large general public. But such readers are sometimes lost as quickly as they are won, and Lewis has probably lost most of them already. His chance for immortality rests now in other hands.

Many of the factors which contributed very largely to the creation of his notoriety will hardly affect his fame at all. A man who added two apparently permanent words to the English vocabulary can hardly be forgotten. But he need not, for that reason, be read. And very much the same thing can be said in connection with the "social situation" and the "cultural climate" which so strongly favored him. Lewis did not invent his theme, for what Carl Van Doren called so precisely "the revolt against the village" was already under way. Ten years later, after the events of '29, native criticism of American society commonly concerned itself with the alleged defects of our economic system, but at the beginning of Lewis's heyday the equally inevitable targets were our puritanism and our provinciality, our lack of sophistication and "culture" in the narrowest sense of that term. "Main Street," especially, followed this line of attack so precisely, so uncritically, and, one might almost say, so naively that even then its author was compelled to protest, somewhat unconvincingly, that he had not, as his critics assumed, intended to present the rather priggishly self-conscious Carol Kennicott as a model of elegant intellectuality and that—if I may put it this way—he did not really mean to suggest that the substitution of petits fours for the inevitable angel food at village card parties would constitute an important step forward.

Thus if Lewis did not invent his theme he gave it such a clear and not over-subtle exposition abroad as well as at home and was so closely identified with it that when, in 1930, he became the first American to receive the Nobel Prize for literature, not a few of his countrymen felt that the prize was less an expression of Europe's admiration for an American writer than an attempt to put the stamp of official approval upon what was regarded as a definitive exposé of American civilization. In certain respects "Main Street" so strongly suggested "Madame Bovary" that Lewis found it worth while to deny publicly that he had, at the time when his book was being written, ever read Flaubert's novel. Yet, so far as I know, "Madame Bovary" was never regarded as a definitive picture of the Frenchman or Frenchwoman, and the fact that it was not suggests to just what extent Lewis's study of a small town was, and Flaubert's was not, essentially a journalistic polemic rather than primarily a work of art.

If the fact that they were so perfectly apropos made for the immediate success of "Main Street" and "Babbitt," the sudden shift of criticism from concern with "culture" to concern with politics and economics may have abbreviated their vogue and raised earlier the insistent question of what qualities other than journalistic ones they and the later novels may have, and whether or not any such qualities are sufficient to assure that the books will be read and not merely remembered. Can one imagine any of Lewis's novels becoming, within the next half-century, the beneficiaries of a revival like that which has affected the works of Melville and James, or to a lesser extent those of Hawthorne and Stephen Crane? Will Lewis ever be "rediscovered"? He is historically important of course. But have his books "wit enough to keep them sweet"?

Of "Arrowsmith" (1925) and "Dodsworth" (1929), as well as of lesser efforts, I have only an old memory, which, nevertheless, I trust. Lewis tried to find a hero as well as a butt, and his heroes were the emergent heroes of the popular advanced thinkers—an aviator in one of his earliest books, then a scientist, and then a business man dimly aware of a world he could not really enter. It was easy to call "Arrowsmith" and "Dodsworth" better novels than his two most sensational successes, and perhaps in some sense they were; but their virtues were not sufficient to compensate for the lesser journalistic impact, and it is largely because of "Main Street" and "Babbitt" that they are still remem-

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bered. To these last two I have returned, and I find them not very different from my recollection of them.

"Main Street" begins with a magisterial prologue. "This town is, in our tale, called 'Gopher Prairie, Minnesota.' But its Main Street is the continuation of Main Streets everywhere. Main Street is the climax of civilization. That this Ford car might stand in front of the Bon Ton Store, Hannibal invaded Rome and Erasmus wrote in Oxford cloisters." It ends, just short of fatuously, with its heroine defeated by this same Main Street and proclaiming, "But I have won in this: I've never excused my failures by sneering at my aspirations. . . . I do not admit that Main Street is as beautiful as it should be! I do not admit that Gopher Prairie is greater or more generous than Europe!" "Babbitt" has the advantage of a protagonist who embodies the central conception more satisfactorily than do any of the actual persons in its predecessor. It is also shorter, broader, more extravagant, less dependent upon earnestness, more dependent upon ridicule. And it is, for all these reasons, better. Neither Carol Kennicott nor her husband is a memorable figure. As persons they are not even very impressively what they are. George F. Babbitt, on the other hand, has a certain daemonic air. He may be no truer to life, but he comes closer to being mythical. If he is not a Don Quixote or a Gargantua he is at least, let us say, a Dick Tracy or a Katzenjammer Kid.

Both books are, each in its own way, tremendously well done in the sense that it is easy enough to understand why they produced the effect they were intended to produce. Yet, except perhaps in the case of George Babbitt himself, neither very often suggests the aims or the methods of that higher sort of fiction which either creates or reveals something that the mere description of observed fact cannot convey. Though Lewis had to a remarkable degree mastered his method, that method is a good deal like the one so successfully employed in the writing of many present-day best-sellers—the method, I mean, which produces books that are not so much naturalistic novels as "documentaries," pseudo-fiction in which everything is recognizable as true but with the fidelity of a waxwork and no suggestion of any sort of autonomous life.

If Lewis's books look better now than most of the current crop of documentaries will look a quarter of a century hence, that is principally because of one mental quality possessed by the man himself and one literary gift which he developed to an extraordinary degree. Much as he loved fame and even notoriety, it was not the desire for either which moved him to write "Main Street." He was passionately sincere, and he was engaged in a crusade which seemed to him profoundly important. He may have understood the culture of Main Street a great deal better than he understood the idealized European culture which he attempted to oppose to it. Indeed, there is something ludicrous in the way in which he falls back upon vague references to Europe, as if he were imagining some fabulous London, or Paris, or Vienna populated exclusively by cultured sophisticates. But he genuinely hated something which he saw very clearly; he genuinely loved something which he but dimly understood; and because of those two facts both "Main Street" and "Babbitt" are more than merely slick jobs.

The literary gift that he developed to an extraordinary degree was, of course, the gift for mimicry, which is as definitely something more than mere naturalistic reproduction as it is definitely something less than imaginative re-creation. As he used to demonstrate in social gatherings—sometimes rather over-insistently—he could improvise at any length the conversation or the speech-making of a Babbitt on almost any topic, and his improvisations had, like what he wrote in the same style, an air of authenticity, heightened by touches of burlesque, which made them as astonishing in their way as anything of the sort ever achieved. Yet at the same time he rarely if ever escaped the limitations of mimicry as an artistic device. The typical fact or the typical gesture is one step above the merely authentic. But it is also one step below the symbolic. Lewis habitually achieved the one, habitually made one exclaim "How characteristic!" But rarely if ever did he rise to that point where a detail is so charged with meaning that it becomes a symbol whose significance all but defies analysis.

It is for this reason that his brilliant, parodistic mimicry must go on and on; so that Babbitt's speech at the Chamber of Commerce dinner continues for nine pages. Good as most of it is, no sentence or paragraph is good enough to make further elaboration unnecessary, and in the end one is reminded of that ultimate satire on the naturalistic method embodied in a stage direction for one of Ring Lardner's plays: "The curtain will descend for seven days to indicate the passage of a week." Lewis falls victim, therefore, to the mimic's nemesis, which condemns him to remain always insufficiently more entertaining than the victim of his mimicry. There is too much burlesque, not enough wit.

To realism in art there is a limitation which "Babbitt" all too frequently illustrates. A bore in literature should be different from a bore in real life in at least one respect: he should not be boring. If "Babbitt" is not really a classic, that is probably because in the midst of our laughter and admiration we are likely to remember Mr. Bennett's remark to his piano-playing daughter: "You have entertained us enough for one evening."

The Dark Night of F. Scott Fitzgerald

THE FAR SIDE OF PARADISE. By Arthur Mizener. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

ARTHUR MIZENER'S book about F. Scott Fitzgerald is very good as biography and very good as literary criticism. Mizener succeeds in devoting exactly the right degree of attention to Fitzgerald's life and to his work. The result is a rich unity of impression instead of the alternation of personal history and literary discussion which would have been easy and which must have been the condition of his material when he first took hold of it. And Mizener stops short of any interpretation of Fitzgerald's career as a whole, a restraint which works perfectly: for to have committed himself to any interpretation at any point would have made for over-emphasis, distortion, and omission. Now that his book, with all its explicitness, fulness, and exactitude, is available, it should serve to check and correct the interpretations which are inevitable.

It is clear that Fitzgerald has become a symbol and a myth. He has a national or American significance as well as a

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literary one, which means that any kind of interpretation and construction is likely. He can be regarded as a toy, puppet, and victim of the *Zeitgeist*, for a national mood made him famous when his first book appeared, and a national mood was the reason for the apparent failure of his fourth novel in 1934. Again, he can be regarded, and he has been regarded, as the complete example of the romantic genius who wastes his gifts in self-indulgence, seeking an intensity of being which can only lead to self-destruction. Some incarnation or ghost of Irving Babbitt will doubtless appear to point out this fearful moral. Then again Fitzgerald will certainly be invoked as a witness of how America destroys its men of genius by giving them a false and impossible idea of success.

Yet, and this is one of the best things about Mizener's book, all these views, and the many others which are probable, look one-sided or distorted once we have read Mizener. He shows clearly that the pattern of behavior which was the cause of so much of Fitzgerald's suffering was active long before Fitzgerald's early success began to wane. The extravagant spending, the drunkenness, the determination to live at a pitch of intensity, excitement, and exultation are in full swing in the first years of his literary career. This important fact, to which Mizener does complete biographical justice, is epitomized in a little piece which Ring Lardner wrote in 1923. Lardner is performing a traditional act of the American humorist; he is visiting Europe and pretending to be dumbfounded by it:

> We went by train to St. Raphael where who was at the station but Mr. and Mrs. F. Scott Fitzgerald. Mr. Fitzgerald is a novelist and Mrs. Fitzgerald is a novelty. . . . I made Mr. Fitzgerald a present of a rare perfume that said Johnnie Walker on the outside of it. It was coals to Newcastle so I took it back to the hotel. . . . While dressing I heard Mr. Fitzgerald in the next room mentioning prominent Biblical characters.

How heartbreaking the jokes about novelist, novelty, and Johnnie Walker as coals to Newcastle become when we know the aftermath which they foreshadow: Mrs. Fitzgerald's insanity, Fitzgerald's agonized conviction that he had used himself up, and his early death!

But the whole story is more than one of simple waste and failure if we see the biographical facts in relation to each other, from beginning to end, and apart from what Fitzgerald thought of himself or others thought of him at one time or another: he had a different image of himself at different times, and others did too. It is the change of images and their relation to each other which is important. In 1923 Fitzgerald was a celebrated young novelist, the laureate of the Jazz Age, a role he enjoyed very much. By 1926, before he was thirty, he had written "The Great Gatsby," which seemed then to T. S. Eliot "the first step that American fiction has taken since Henry James," and which was, in fact, Fitzgerald's first masterpiece. By 1930, with the onset of the depression, he already seemed to belong to the past; so that when in 1934 his fourth novel was received with apathy and indifference, this was a confirmation to Fitzgerald of the conviction of failure which possessed him, a conviction which others were willing enough to share. And the obituaries written when he died in 1940 revived the impression that he had been a gifted young novelist who failed to fulfil his youthful promise. As Mizener says, these obituaries read as if "his life had consisted of the years from 1920 to 1928."

Fitzgerald's sense of failure is unquestionable, and it is true that he increasingly lost control of himself from 1928 until the end of his life. His wife's insanity and the loss of his early reputation made him withdraw more and more into himself, and the periods of desperation became longer and longer. The picture of long and steady deterioration becomes an extreme oversimplification, however, when we recognize that it was during the last fifteen years of his life, during his worst suffering and sense of degradation, that he wrote the work which makes him a great author. And not only was his best writing accomplished during those years, but he achieved a new mastery and power in his last and unfinished novel. Had he written only "This Side of Paradise" and "The Beautiful and Damned," there would be little reason to be concerned about him, and it is unlikely that Mr. Mizener would have wanted to

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write a book about him. It is easy enough to attribute his increasing powers as a novelist to the intermittent periods of strength during which he took hold of himself and during which the actual writing was done. But this lucid and wholesome view, though it encourages right living, cannot account for the essential character of his best writing. On the contrary, when we have placed his work in direct relation to the last fifteen years of his life as presented in Mr. Mizener's book, we come up against a very different and unpleasant conclusion. The disappointment, disillusion, drunkenness, and complete loss of self-esteem become necessary to Fitzgerald: without them, he would not have reached the insight which made his books masterpieces. This does not mean in the least that a cultivation of the abyss will help all other authors. A knowledge of the abyss was necessary to Fitzgerald because of the hopes and the illusions with which he began, his total involvement in the American Dream, his romantic conception of love, his worship of the rich, his fabulous assumption that he was going to be successful *and* popular *and* famous *and* rich *and* a great writer, all at once, as soon as possible, now and forever after—an assumption which should be compared with what French, German, and Russian authors have expected to gain by the practice of their art.

His early success was based on the devoutness with which he was able to hold such beliefs. But his early success was nothing: it was his experience of deterioration and failure after that which made his genuine success, for it gave him the insight which transforms his later works. It was the insight of the hangover after joy, illusion, and intoxication. Without the hangover, there would have been no insight; without the illusion and the intoxication, there would have been neither hangover nor insight. To have lived by the insight, instead of losing and regaining it again and again, and to have denied the new hope and illusion which renewed the process of disillusion and demoralization would have kept him from writing his best books, or made him a different kind of author.

It is not a pretty story, it is not fit for the children, no is it an inspiration to earnest and ambitious young men. But the more one thinks of it, the more it has the enigmatic and tragic character of existence itself.

DELMORE SCHWARTZ

Croce's Role in Italy

CROCE, THE KING, AND THE ALLIES. Extracts from a Diary by Benedetto Croce, July, 1943, to June, 1944. Translated by Sylvia Sprigge. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.

ON THIS February 25 Benedetto Croce will be eighty-five years old. He was born in a period when the competent were bred up to take their part in "individual and socially ordered activities," when "men . . . labored, set [themselves] well thought-out programs, and carried them calmly through." He has lived to see the end of all that, and he writes in his war diary that "we must not expect the rebirth of that world, its revival and improvement, but we must expect an interminable sequence of clashes, upsets, and ruin due to revolutions and wars, which will cover half a century or more, and may even achieve nothing positive but only lead to the *finis Europae*."

It has been Croce's métier for more than half a century not to blink historical facts. We may disagree with aspects of his basic philosophical interpretation of history, but for the dignity and force of his fearless, controversial personal attitude we cannot deny him respect. The publication of this diary brings our understanding of his attitude up to date.

Since before the First World War, Croce has attempted to influence his countrymen to adopt a thinking, critical attitude toward politics. Urging neutrality in the Franco-German conflict at a time when that theme was unpopular, Croce later saw what political weight he might have had reduced to nil while the infatuated mobs flocked after D'Annunzio's shrill idealization of the man of action. The nationalistic rabble-rouser, thus deified, paved the way for a subsequent acceptance of the ugly, tragic buffoonery of Fascism.

During the Fascist period Croce's hard irony, his deliberate refusal to be tricked into even passive participation, his splendid isolation marked him as the most notable opponent of the regime left within Italy. We had to wait until after the liberation for publication of part of his correspondence during the Fascist period (see particularly *Pagine Politiche*, Laterza, Bari, 1945). Especially instructive is a letter Croce wrote in September, 1933, to Francesco Ercole, then Minister of Education—a post Croce himself had held from June, 1920, to July, 1921, under the last Giolitti premiership. In this letter, a masterpiece of irony and wit but carrying too the irrefutable logic of the block-buster, Croce tells off Fascism's mouthpiece as follows: "Why, since I already know the reply Your Excellency will make, do I write you this letter? Certainly not to ask you for an explanation, nor to beg you to alter your attitude toward my works. . . . I write it because I should feel I had failed in my duty if I accepted all this *without a protest.*"

Such, then, was Croce's attitude during Mussolini's rule: he stayed put, and he protested. Specifically, he remained the focal point for a group of friends, not all intellectuals, who placed loyalty to certain spiritual values above expediency; he worked at his own vast philosophical and literary production; and he piloted the interests of true scholarship in seas beset by all manner of turbulent subsurface threats and decoys. In an era when Ministers of Education were expected to authorize periodic rewriting of the history books to conform with the interests of the regime, a Croce is a beacon.

The present volume is taken from a sort of daily notation of visits, conversations, and political ideas he wrote down for himself and eventually (1946-47) published in *La Critica*. It covers the period from July, 1943, to June, 1944, a period in which Rome was occupied by the Germans, the north was abandoned to the so-called Republic of Salo, and the first "free" government of Italy was formed in Naples, Croce's city, with all the hindrances the Allies, confused and only partially recognizing their own motives, could deploy.

Croce's diary shares with his other works that noteworthy, conscious clarity, that real limpidity of expression, only possible for those who know what they are thinking and doing (Sylvia Sprigge's translation is, by the way, splendid). In its pages he does not equivocate, and the dates of its entries should end once

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and for all the factious, continuing quarrel over his attitude toward the monarchy; after the conversation De Nicola had with the King about his proposed abdication (February 22, 1944), the jurist reported to Croce that the King agreed with him when he said that Croce was "perhaps the only true monarchist in Italy who is still devoted to a constitutional monarchy." At the same time De Nicola was urging on the King Croce's reasons for a speedy abdication; and a matter of days later we find Croce, with perfect ideological consistency, writing: "The blame for what is happening . . . must rest entirely with the Anglo-American politicians, the Churchills, the Edens, and the Roosevelts, who have for months turned down the reasonable and most reasoned proposals and wishes of the Italian Liberals and Democrats . . . that the King should be removed so that a democratic government might be formed." He continued, through the succeeding months, to scotch the plans of the Italian Communists, who sought to bolster the monarchy from within, patiently explaining first to one Allied Commissioner then to another that this was indeed a trick to hamstring the other parties, which, feeling bound by their oaths not to collaborate with the tainted monarchy, would be excluded in the event the monarchy were permitted to remain, whereas the Communists, having "themselves no scruples about any binding pacts," would find themselves the only left-wing party with official backing. He carried his point, and the monarchy in due season fell.

Though this *mise au point* is, perhaps, the most significant incident recorded in the diary, it is not the only one which makes these pages timely. His first encounter with "an Italian Communist arrived from Russia with the conventional name of Hercules, real name Togliatti," is strangely moving in that they both find themselves evoking the martyred Communist leader, Gramsci, who in Croce's memory "stood out among them all." Needless to say, this recollection eased the meeting for them both. Again, Croce's understanding of and loyal friendship for the vain, impulsive, yet practiced and competent Sforza reveal him at his best. In an attempt to temper "friend Sforza's utterances . . . I told him [February 25, 1944] that he was miraculously turning me, a born polemicist who had spent all my life using the most varied argumentative instruments, from high emotion to jokes and leg-pulls, into someone with a reputation for a quiet, moderate, and mild temperament, by dint of comparing what I say with what he says." Croce's wit is revealed in his judgment of people: his vignette of a meeting with "one Andrea (*sic*) Vishinsky" is high comedy. His conclusion: "For freshness or sharpness of thought, there is little to be hoped for from people of this type."

Critics and opponents—not, be it understood, of Croce's philosophy in this instance but of his political attitudes—declare with considerable reason that his world is so limited by his criteria of intellectual responsibility as the only passport to the assumption of authority that it cannot be called democratic. His liberty is not liberal but Liberal, or, within our own framework, not unlike Willkie's Republicanism. He is for the slow, evolutionary betterment and a priori against the radical change.

Croce has been called "the great unheeded man of Italy," but the diary proves that, at least for a moment in time, this was not so. His maneuverings to obtain the Premiership for Sforza did not work out, it is true, but the King's abdication, in which he played so vital a part, the early modus vivendi reached by the five major parties, and the formation of the first democratic Italian ministry—all are attributable in notable measure to Croce's continuous work in post-liberation Naples.

His continued devastating polemic against the Catholic church as a political force has kept him, after the brief moment in which he became the touchstone of the New Italy—because he was the most prominent man on the spot with clean hands—the black reprobate of the present Vatican-tutored regime. This has effectively prevented his assuming the role of elder statesman. He is today, as he has always been, out of official favor.

Croce's attitude reveals his acceptance of a necessarily threatening future. His recommendations? "Upon this scene, faltering at every step, we must do the best we can to live with dignity as men, thinking, working, nursing the gentle affections, and be ever ready to give up without on that account becoming low-spirited." "The proposition," he wryly concludes, "is much easier to formulate than to carry out."

It would be hard to overemphasize the stature of this man who, whatever his shortcomings, remains the colossus of modern Italy.

FRANCES KEENE

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Britain Since 1945

THE CAUTIOUS REVOLUTION: BRITAIN TODAY AND TOMORROW. By Ernest Watkins. Farrar, Straus and Company. $5.

THE drama of Britain's socialist experiment has been staged in the full glare of American spotlights. It has been dissected and debated, blessed and blasted, by hundreds of radio commentators, in endless columns of the daily press, in innumerable magazine articles. And as things are going, a five-foot shelf will soon be too small to hold all the books about it. For all that, judging by the kinds of questions I am asked, a great many Americans have very foggy notions about what has been happening in Britain and why.

The trouble may be, as an American friend wrote Ernest Watkins, that "the focus is too close. It's all yesterday and tomorrow stuff. It doesn't give me the chance to stand back and see it whole. . . . I'd like someone to write a book about Britain—I mean the people of Britain—over the last five years. Just a plain, ordinary book, with no ideas to sell, no ax to grind, no mirages to conjure up."

We can be glad that Mr. Watkins harkened to this plea, for "The Cautious Revolution"—a good title, that—provides the fullest and most illuminating account of Britain since 1945 that has yet been published. It succeeds in placing the trials, tribulations, and triumphs of that land in perspective; it offers in palatable form a great deal of useful information. Here we have a succinct account of the political and economic developments that brought about the Labor victory in 1945. We are told something of the whys and wherefores of the nationalization program and of its successes and failures. We learn of the impact of the welfare state on the lives of various groups of Britons. We have discussion of the relations of the Labor government with the press, the business world, and the trade unions. Finally Mr. Watkins gives us three chapters on Britain's external affairs, of which that on the Commonwealth is the most valuable for an American audience, since the translation of Empire into Commonwealth has nuances that demand a lot of patient explanation.

Mr. Watkins writes of such matters where possible in terms of personalities, both high and low: he is judiciously economical of statistics and theoretical discussions. Realizing that no contemporary can be entirely dispassionate when writing of controversial subjects, he usually succeeds in stating both sides of a question fairly. Perhaps some prejudice appears in his treatment of Herbert Morrison, whom he dismisses as not much more than a smart operator.

I feel, also, that in his discussion of the Royal Commission on the Press, he is too easy on the newspaper lords and less than fair when he assigns responsibility for "the present-day weakness of the press" to the working journalists. "Bias in news," he writes, "is largely a matter of day-to-day presentation, and there the deciding factor most frequently is the routine sub-editor, not his chief nor his proprietor." That sentence will surely arouse raucous laughter in Fleet Street, for it is notorious that on most British newspapers these day-to-day decisions are shaped by directives from on high.

There are other judgments in this book which I would dispute if space allowed. But my chief quarrel with Mr. Watkins lies in the realm of manner rather than matter. His book seems to me to bear internal evidence of overhasty composition in the midst of other preoccupations—as a member of the *Economist's* staff and news commentator for the B. B. C., Mr. Watkins is a busy man. Parts are very well written, but there are also some pretty slipshod passages, and the work as a whole tends to be discursive and repetitious. It would have been much improved by drastic cutting, and it certainly deserved more careful proofreading than it received.

KEITH HUTCHISON

Scrim and Blackout

MUSICAL COMEDY IN AMERICA. By Cecil Smith. Theater Arts Books. $5.

ALMOST any account of musical comedy in America would have been a good idea, and this one goes the idea one better: it does the job. Before Cecil Smith's book one could consult sources as satisfactory as Sibylline Books for light on any matter connected with musical comedy. If one cared to know whether Marie Dressler danced, sang, made records, or tended a wardrobe prior to her latter-day film appearances, it was almost mandatory to seek the services of a private eye.

The example is random; the index of "Musical Comedy in America" is as crammed with persons, places, and moments of the musical stage as a Baedeker would be had Mr. Baedeker gone on a backstage spree. The wrapper lists Tony Pastor, Lillian Russell, Weber and Fields, George M. Cohan, Al Jolson, the Marx Brothers, Mary Martin, Ethel Merman, Ezio Pinza; but that is just a pitch to get the reader into the book. Once inside its covers, he'll find *everyone* is in the act.

The plan of Mr. Smith's excursion into scrim and blackout is logical and indisputable. He has divided it into three major parts; the first opens with an account of "The Black Crook" (1866). "For all important purposes," he tells us, "the history of musical comedy in America starts with 'The Black Crook,' as everyone has always said it did." The date assigned to end Part One is 1907. Part Two covers the 1908-1925 period, under such headings as The Gaiety Girls, The Passing Show, Weber and Fields, The Turn of the Century, and so on through The Post-War Revue and a summation of musical comedy from 1919 to 1925. Part Three (1925-50) catches up with the "sophisticated" post-World War I revues, The Depression Decade, The War (II) and Post-War Years, and arrives, as everyone has suspected it should, at "South Pacific."

Chronology aside, Cecil Smith has also made a conscientious effort to sift and weigh performances, talent of individuals, stagecraft, and genius of production. Contemporary dicta, like Alexander Woollcott's confession in regard to Ziegfeld's (1928) "The Three Musketeers"—"I did greatly enjoy the first few years of Act I"—are tossed in at appropriate intervals. Smith has also chosen to liven his prearranged tour with a junket here and there that takes his reader into and out of such promising subjects as pantomime in the 1860's and 1870's, the Kiralfys—a well-placed chapter devoted to the spectacular productions of a Victorian triumvirate of Hungarian dance and pantomime performers—the bleached blondes of Lydia Thompson, the intriguing farce-come-

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dies of the 1880's, and comic opera of 1890.

One is tantalized throughout by evocations. There is, in comic opera, the case of "Poor Jonathan," a Millöcker operetta "first produced in Germany, where its American locale at that time was thought to be the height of the exotic." Stage directions read: "Rubygold's plantation; happy darkies picking cotton along the Battery, New York." For Manhattan audiences the whole thing was moved up the river a few leagues, and West Point played host to the cotton pickers.

As reported by Mr. Smith, word fracture—simple, compound, or greenstick—seems to have undergone little transmutation from one decade to the next. Stage directions to "Ixion" (1868) include a "Crowd of Red Republicans, unread Republicans, avengers, scavengers, Greeks, sneaks, and female furies. . . ." One of the compound *mots* of the twenties, quoted as putting in an appearance at Gershwin's "Tell Me More" (1925), is comedian Lou Holz's "definition of pantomime as observed in a Russian ballet—'pantomime, from the Greek *pantomimus: panto*, meaning pants, and *mimus*, without.'" And for contrast Mr. Smith records Bea Lillie at her acid best in a parody of Ruth Draper's "Railway Station on the Western Plains." "In this little sketch, ladies and gentlemen," said Miss Lillie, "I want you to imagine far too much."

Besides noting the passing glint of a well-turned line, Mr. Smith also manages to pay graceful tribute to prima donnas of the musical stage. His compact sketches, from Lillian Russell to Mary Martin, are as apt as one could wish. Here and there, too, Smith lets his eye fall on the rhythmic rise and fall of legs in a chorus line, bestowing bouquets in a matter-of-fact, non-nostalgic fashion. Press agents might not be pleased, but it is possible that he has done their products a better service with his quiet, drawing-room estimations than could be effected by miles of ten-foot super-colossals. Ballet and music, too, come in for fair discussion in the work, which turns out to be pretty much of an omnibus affair when one sets out to take up its parts. One slight omission: one wishes that songs mentioned in the text could have been indexed, as is almost every other pertinent matter.

There is the passing glint, too, of Cecil Smith's own sharp opinion. He has no use for sequels to successful original productions, and he never lets the point go; he remarks, *en passant*, on the "unyielding provinciality of New Yorkers"; he cites three witch plots in a row, all of them flops, and adds: "Salem witches do not seem to inspire American composers to the most inviting efforts, if the evidence of these three works may be regarded as indicative." On page 239 he dispenses with no less than nine productions ("all great successes") with the remark that they "deserve mention here only because someone might look at the index and object to their omission."

One hatdly expects an excellent reference work to be as "readable" as romantic fiction, and this work is no exception. It does, nevertheless, present the bulk of its material with a maximum of clean, efficient prose. Although Smith flounders a bit throughout the book in his attempt to isolate musical comedy as a separate entity, he comes out all right in the end with: "It is, in short, the form of all musical works for the stage except revue, ballet, and through-composed opera." One wonders at this point why he did not go back to excise some of his earlier and more complex expositions. Perhaps he was saving his tidbit of conciseness for the last. FREDERIC RAMSEY, JR.

Devil's Pact

LUCIEN LEUWEN. Book One: The Green Huntsman. Book Two: The Telegraph. By Stendhal. Translated from the French by Louise Varèse. New Directions. $3.50 each.

THIS long, secret, unfinished novel, which is only intermittently dramatic, was Stendhal's audacious attempt, made between 1832 and 1835, to give a new twist to the devil's-pact idea that fascinated the age of "Faust." Lucien is a marionette—a banker's son, rich, clever, handsome, with every advantage, who *none the less must behave vilely if he is to get ahead*—constructed for the express purpose of shocking us into concrete realization of what success in politics actually involves. Stendhal, the paid servant of the state who never got over his private horror of statecraft, was never more moralistic than when he made his amiable young lieutenant become a deliberate Machiavellian, go to mass to impress the right people, serve a corrupt Minister, and rig elections with a callousness that today might give pause to any candidate for any secret police. His story is an outraged republican's denunciation of the reactionary King Louis-Philippe, who paid Stendhal's consular salary—and so specific that much of it would be unintelligible to a modern reader without footnotes.

Since Stendhal's present-day admirers delight rather naively in his prescient brilliance, preferring to enjoy him merely aesthetically or merely intellectually, without an understanding of his serious, though rather mixed, moral purpose, it is necessary to recall his purpose, which he never declared grossly, if we are to know what he was about. "Lucien Leuwen" is singularly illustrative: more continuously interesting as a revelation of his method than as a work of art.

The paradox of Stendhal's method is that his marionette comes most vividly to life precisely when he is most vile. As the actions of the hero get more contemptible, the action of the drama gets more exciting. Each surrender of

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principle is followed by a gain in intensity, and the writing improves when Lucien lies his way into the best circles of Lorraine and is best of all when, returning to Paris, he becomes the hated catspaw of a ministerial crook who uses the sun-telegraph to aid his speculations on the Bourse. A warm-hearted young idealist turns in a twinkling into a cool master of intrigue as soon as there is a murder to hush up, a decent citizen to bully, an honest cause to smother.

The reason for this originates probably in the nature of Stendhal's talent, which was a strange mixture of opera and cerebrality. He was at his best when demonstrating a particularly subtle insight with the florid sensationalism of La Scala. That was his recipe—violent Mediterranean intensity about perceptions so keen that only the finest minds could follow them. Thus only could he both startle and command the intellectual respect of "the happy few" for whom he wrote. Lucien, therefore, could not be only moderately corrupt; he had to turn the stomach. (And go on being a nice boy.)

There was another nineteenth-century novelist who also employed opera methods to express rare insights, who also lived under a reactionary government, who also wrote a political novel of surpassing quality about a devil's pact. It was even better than this one, much better, and its author succeeded in completing it. His name was Dostoevsky, his novel "The Possessed," or more correctly, "The Demons." Like Stendhal, he had to make a compromise with the powerful state that oppressed him, and his way was to end by supporting its policies devotedly. Such Byzantine submission to Leviathan—by no means discarded by the artists of latter-day Russia—was unthinkable to Stendhal, who, schooled in a more sophisticated Italian tradition, preferred to bite secretly the hand that fed him. Perhaps these two great novelists, whose works anticipated so many of our contemporary problems, also dramatized two basic responses to a bitter dilemma that still confronts the serious artist everywhere today. How is spirit to accommodate itself to power? It was Hamlet's question, and it is ours.

Stendhal had plenty of time to complete "Lucien Leuwen" but never got around to it. His notes suggest that he planned to have his hero marry his heroine—whom he woos with the most exquisite sensibility while engaged in suppressing early farm cooperatives—and permit the pair to withdraw romantically from the sordid world of ambition. A mere synopsis of his plot will show why such a conclusion could not be written by so good a writer; ends and means had been hopelessly snarled, Lucien hopelessly compromised, and to resurrect him from his unscrupulous quest of power would have called for a complete change of heart. Stendhal was a *bon-vivant* freethinker with no appetite for this variety of religious experience. That he entertained such a plan at all merely discloses his own unresolved ambivalence toward power. He could set his Machiavellian in motion, but since he lacked both the philosophical roundness of Goethe and the religious convictions of Dostoevsky, he could not finish him. His urbane technique was unequal to so large a task. Also, since he lacked the athletic cynicism of Maupassant, he could not find the success-story conclusion that sufficed the latter for a not unrelated character in the consummately finished "Bel Ami." His novel therefore remains a delightful might-have-been, a spirited and ingenious gripe, a window opening on its author's brain, which is of more interest to the littérateur than to the common reader and reveals a sneaking admiration for the diabolism it attacks.

GERALD SYKES

Inflation and Control

THE NINETEEN FIFTIES COME FIRST. By Edwin G. Nourse. Henry Holt and Company. $2.

INFLATION brings disaster to almost everyone who is seriously affected by it, and Dr. Nourse is quite possibly right in believing that the danger of inflation is even greater than you think. His current book is based on lectures, but it has been smoothly organized into a coherent whole and brought up to date, although of course it was completed before the imposition of price and wage controls. He did indicate that he was not very happy at the prospect of such controls, and in his recent testimony before the Congressional Committee on the Economic Report he said consistently both that the controls as first promulgated would not be too effective and that he thought the job could be done better by controls over materials and credit.

In analyzing the pressures from various groups which make for inflation, the book does a sound and convincing job. The blame is apportioned more or less equally to labor unions, organized farmers, and business executives, and the author tries very hard to be fair to all three groups. He is by no means as conservative as he was painted when he resigned from the chairmanship of the Council of Economic Advisers, but he is basically a classic liberal economist, even though he accepts a good many modern modifications of the classic pattern, and he is generally opposed both to the intervention of government for the benefit of any group and to organized group pressures on the government. His urgent plea, therefore, is for self-restraint by all groups. He seems to feel that democracy is almost hopeless unless labor, farmers, and business all act with "economic maturity" and enlightened self-interest.

It is true that maximum individual freedom is possible only in a society where all groups act with such intelligence and restraint that there is comparatively little need for government to play a strong role in economic relationships. The world of voluntary cooperation which Dr. Nourse would like is eminently to be desired, and he is realistic enough about it to state explicitly that perfect laissez faire never has existed and never could exist. He recognizes the desirability of government responsibility in such fields as education and public health, and is apparently not averse to the social-security program or even to public-power development. He believes that the 1946 act of Congress which set up the Council of Economic Advisers "may signalize the crowning of our centuries-old faith in private enterprise with a more adequate grasp of the nature and the complementary potentialities of public enterprise." He evidently feels, however, that we have already gone far enough in the direction of government intervention, and in some ways too far.

If he is right, the prospect for freedom is certainly dim, because the whole present tendency is obviously toward more rather than less economic action by

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government. Very few of the opponents of the present Administration really want less government; what they want is a government which will do different things for the benefit of different groups. The hope that everyone will suddenly begin to act unselfishly is even less realistic than the hope that all threat of war will suddenly disappear.

Despite Dr. Nourse, this does not mean that freedom and democracy are doomed. Government intervention is not necessarily incompatible with a reasonable degree of individual liberty. Freedom can be maintained as long as there is a sufficiently workable balance of power between the various group interests in the population so that no one group can dominate the government, or even find it worth while to try. To this extent Americans have usually acted with at least enough restraint to avoid violent conflict, and there are signs, as Dr. Nourse points out, that they are becoming increasingly aware of the interdependence of their interests.

Warnings against the dangers of federal power, and against the group pressures which may lead to inflation because government officials find it hard to resist them, are wholesome when they do not serve merely to disguise a partisan attack on the party in power. The dangers which Dr. Nourse points to are real, and he has distributed his criticisms evenly enough to avoid a charge of narrow partisanship. It is to be feared, however, that reactionaries will applaud his attacks on strong government and ignore the admonitions directed at them. Any hope that the need for government action can be reduced by self-restraint on the part of pressure groups seems strictly utopian in the nineteen fifties.

CHARLES E. NOYES

Hero and Victim

STEPHEN CRANE. By John Berryman. American Men of Letters Series. William Sloane Associates. $3.75.

COMING twenty-seven years after Thomas Beer's memoir of 1923, Mr. Berryman's book marks a second quarter-century in the critical reputation and legend of Stephen Crane since his premature death in 1900, at the age of twenty-eight, brought his brief decade of creative life to an end. Beer's book, from which Mr. Berryman rescues several acute insights and a worthy purpose, was very much a book of its decade: extravagant, sentimental, almost comically stylized, stiflingly allusive, hampered by a queer combination of critical rashness and clumsy discretion, and heavily diluted with trumped-up period effects. In spite of its corrective sympathy it was symptomatic of the distortion and mystification that have bedeviled Crane's merit ever since he started publishing his work sixty years ago. Something of his own temperament seems bound to possess his devotees—his strenuous nerves, reckless conduct, stubborn probity and scorn of convention, the high-strung sensibility that makes him—remarkably like Scott Fitzgerald, whose biography by Arthur Mizener arrives opportunely for comparison—so notable an example of the exacerbated American type that has its classic ancestor in Poe.

Some of this influence gets into Mr. Berryman's book too. Its language and syntax offer some strained, not to say confusing, usages. Its patient recovery of facts misses certain accessible details. (Among the women in Crane's life, Amy Leslie, for instance, is incompletely identified; her bedizened figure was still familiar in Chicago as late as the 1920's, at the end of a barnstorming career as actress, newspaper woman, and drama critic.) The symbolic import of Crane's tales is sometimes rather desperately overshot. A share of Crane's work is misvalued, and the estimate of his verse seems to me basically unsound. And there accumulates an exaggeration of Crane's aesthetic claims which, though honestly and sensitively reasoned, may be injudicious. "We have had little genius in literature," says Mr. Berryman, and poses the question "whether we have not in Stephen Crane a genius very formidable indeed, an artist of absolute and high vision—the sort of writer before whom most of our imposing earlier authors utterly shrivel away—a national glory"; this being answered with the assertion that Crane is "by a margin . . . probably the greatest American story-writer, he stands as an artist not far below Hawthorne and James, he is one of our few poets, and one of the manifest geniuses the country has produced." The effect of this is to delay rather than advance the justice by which Crane's real share of genius will be recognized.

But that share is indisputable, and Mr. Berryman, whatever his excess of enthusiasm, deserves gratitude for the sensitive scholarship and critical acumen with which he illuminates it. What Crane achieved in his short life is as phenomenal for its conviction of vision and moral honesty as it is for the secure brilliance of its craftsmanship. His mastery exists in one "novel," "The Red Badge of Courage," and perhaps twenty tales. These set his standard, epitomize his courage as a creative and moral intelligence in a period of slack genteelism and public vulgarity, and condense the gifts that elsewhere dissipate into aimless journalism, into misguided efforts at popularity (the startling feebleness of the three novels "The Third Violet," "Active Service," and "The O'Ruddy" betrays a sentimentalism that undermines many of his lesser stories), and into an indeterminate style which only a radical concentration of sensibility, a basic integrity of vocation, brought to superb control in his greatest stories.

These defects must be admitted.

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Crane is a hero of his time but its victim too. It is his distractions and concessions that define his true heroism, and here Mr. Berryman shows his real powers. He explains Crane in the full setting of his life: the Methodism of the family religion; his boyhood and school days in the American small-town life of which his picture is classic; his contacts with Bowery poverty, Broadway bohemianism, Tenderloin crime, scandal, and police corruption; his forays into Western prairies and wars in Cuba, Mexico, and Greece; his union with Cora Taylor, the mistress of the Hotel de Dream in Jacksonville, Florida; his part in the genteel literary circles of New York and finally in English literary life in London and at Brede Place, where Conrad, James, Wells, Hueffer, and Frederic gave him his really serious recognition. These are the circumstances that shaped his purpose and give him his almost legendary role in a decisive phase of American life and art.

They define the condition of his moral battle, his intense need for self-recognition and moral honesty. He distilled their personal as well as their historical meaning into tales—"The Monster," "The Blue Hotel," "The Open Boat," "The Red Badge," "The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky," "An Experiment in Misery," as well as others like "The Clan of No-Name" and "The Upturned Face" or the lost works "Vashti in the Dark" and "The Cat's March," on which Mr. Berryman supplies the first intelligent discussion—which express powerfully the insights and passions that compelled him: a fear of cowardice, a hatred of cruelty and injustice, a burning sense of the guilt of society, a scathing irony in the face of moral dishonesty, an obsession with violence and treachery, and the intense sensory impressionism that saved his art as much from the inflexible methods of the naturalists as from the polite discretion he held in steady contempt. Mr. Berryman traces all these factors in Crane's work with great sympathy, and he goes beyond them into an exploration of the psychic character of Crane's personality which, however hazardous considering the inadequacy of the evidence, arrives at some highly searching findings and must tax the attention of anyone who attempts to understand the animus that not only produced some of the finest fiction America has seen but has left its mark on a major line of writing in this century.

To compare Crane with Fitzgerald—the excellent biographies of the two men make such comparison inevitable at the moment—is to see how persistently that animus has operated in recent American writing. The two men were unlike in many important respects; but their styles—the loaded phrase, the verbal intensity, the rich image, the severe realism underlying almost opulent sensory capacities—as well as their stubborn resistance to the power, selfishness, wealth, and lurking treachery of modern life, bring them, in the face of all the temptations of popularity and journalism, into a striking kinship. They define acutely two moments in the conscience of modern literature and tell us, as forcefully as any of their contemporaries and more forcefully than most, what that literature may count on for its survival. Mr. Berryman, like Mr. Mizener, has succeeded in writing more than a valuable critical biography. He has written a significant study in the morality of contemporary art.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

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Films

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THE crisp journalistic technique introduced in "Home of the Brave," which transformed a low-priced movie into a box-office hit, has become an official style for radical young crusaders. Specializing in candid emotions and views with the steely photography used in OWI films, this new approach differs from old-time journalism like "They Won't Forget" in its incessant emphasis on preaching and florid use of documentary ideas. Like a machine, the precision and intricacy of the recent "Teresa," "The Steel Helmet," "The Sound of Fury" put so much spin, phrenetic editing, and unending misery into life that the spectator can never relax.

"The Sound of Fury," an indignant, twisted parody of the 1933 San José, California, lynchings, leaves the audience as limp as its two strangled kidnappers. With a zest for pointing out the worst aspects of average folks, the script studies an unemployed worker (Lovejoy) who tries to provide for a poverty-scared wife and child by chauffeuring a vain hoodlum (Bridges). An amateurish abduction goes wrong and the captive's skull is bashed in; the last movie hour pounds through the crackup of the piteous Lovejoy, the mob-siege of the county jail, incited by a sensationalist reporter, with a housewife yelling, "We're going to save the taxpayers' money!"

The case of the Brooke Harte kidnappers and "those fine patriotic San José citizens"—Governor Rolph's description of the lynchers—warrants a less contrived reconstruction. It is commendable as a thoroughly angry work—no cute or chucklesome bit players, no inevitable rescue from evil—but in its determination to wreak havoc, tension effects are cruelly piled on by an ingeniously tricky mind.

Even before the listing of film credits, the theme is stated—"The world is going to the devil"—in a tempestuous prologue of Main Streeters fleeing a mysterious danger, while a blind sidewalk evangelist exhorts and the sound track makes like a bombing raid. Sound, camera, and actors settle down to an ominous snarl at American life. As Love-

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joy careens home with a truck-driver, there is talk about burdensome wives in that loquacious vein that has gripped truck-drivers ever since talkies came in. Their headlights suddenly pick out an eerie image—the "inflammable" sign on the truck head, an unknown hitchhiker at the roadside. On the street a murmur of the grocer's wife—"Did you ask him about his bill?"—hits the sound track with a thud. At home Lovejoy's son nastily makes ratchet-like noises with a butcher knife. When the two murderers are seated in a cafe, heckling data—a raw steak being pounded, a girl too pretty to sling hash, the tedious ritual of deciding what to eat—emphasize the trying job of simply existing. The views mix figures and terrain in a tortuous bond where the décor obtrudes, slows down, and evaluates the characters so that they seem to carry a civilization on their shoulders.

Mercilessly lunging at small-townisms, the film finds the motive for the lynching everywhere, in everyone. Emulating the mad-dog journalism that it denounces, "Fury" raises audience emotion with shame-ridden maneuvers, twisted freakish sounds, relentless crowds, the murderers' frenzied terror, and wrings sentiment from farewell letters, pitiful kinfolk. However, in searching out odd tidbits of reality, the director (Endfield) deserves a TV set for trying valiantly. Like a slow ferret he hunts out human beings in private places, trysting sheds, a wallflower's bedroom, and fastens on them while they are hiding girdles, sparring with mirrors, buying sexy shoes for the wife. Although movies seldom stick with inane, irrelevant, everyday talk that reveals personality, Bridges tells Lovejoy about everything, from his girl friends in Germany to his collar size.

Much of the acting, which underlines pantomime with exaggerated psychology, should have cracked the camera lens. But midway in the film Katherine Locke sneaks in as a leaden manicurist on a blind date and by compressed understatement creates a new type of movie caricature. Packing silent, vacant, colorless qualities into a character who is sophisticatedly kept within the unsophisticated Bronx middle class, Miss Locke creates a feeling of hopelessness that overpowers the sloppy animation around her.

Drama

MARGARET MARSHALL

"BILLY BUDD" a dramatization of Herman Melville's novel by Louis O. Coxe and Robert Chapman (Biltmore Theater), is consistently interesting and often moving, excellently acted, and very well mounted. The resolution is not convincing—for respectable reasons—and the whole third act is weak; but the play exercises the mind and engages the emotions on a mature level—which is mighty refreshing.

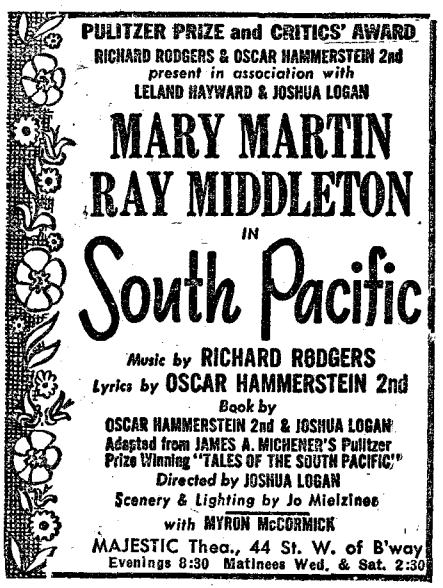
The scene is a British man-of-war; the time is 1798. It is the year after the naval mutinies of Spithead and the Nore, and the threat of mutiny is ever present: sparks from the French Revolution are still flying, and every forecastle, with its discipline, its bad food, its impressed men, is a powder keg.

As the play opens, a young sailor, Billy Budd, has just been impressed—from a merchant vessel called The Rights of Man—to service on H. M. S. Indomitable. He is the Handsome Sailor and as innocent and good and guileless as he is handsome. He has one defect—a stutter that overcomes him in moments of stress. Billy is Adam before the fall. The snake to his Adam is the master-at-arms, James Claggart, who recognizes Billy's innocence and is drawn to it, but also disdains it and works to bring about Billy's ruin. When he cannot tempt the boy to insubordination he frames him with lies, charging him with mutinous activities. The third principal is Captain Vere, wise, humane, intelligent—and also dedicated to duty. Fully recognizing Billy's innocence and Claggart's depravity, Vere forces the master-at-arms to make his charges in Billy's presence. The shock deprives Billy of speech; for answer he strikes Claggart with a blow that kills him. And the captain is faced with the dilemma of dealing with a boy he loves as a son who is innocent of mutiny but has killed an officer in war time. In a drum-head court martial, the captain feels bound to overrule the common impulse to save Billy, and the handsome sailor is condemned to be hanged. It is the captain who breaks the news to Billy, and such is the relation between them that when, at dawn, Billy goes to his death, the words on his lips are "God bless Captain Vere."

The session of the court martial and the conversation between the captain and Billy, it need hardly be said, are crucial to the credibility of Billy's last words. And unfortunately, these two scenes fail to carry the conviction that Melville was able to impart. It is an honorable failure but a failure, none the less, which greatly impairs the validity of the last scene.

And I think there is another reason why the resolution is not quite believable. In the air of 1951 this situation of 1798 is superficially so near to being topical that the spectator tends to lose sight of the deeper and timeless significance of the story as the struggle between good and evil and to demand, 150 years after the French Revolution, a kindlier and quite possible contemporary solution—though this, in a way, is ironic, since the story on one level is an arraignment of war, which forces even such a man as Captain Vere to kill the son he loves.

The dramatization as a whole is intelligent and sensitive and only rarely overblown. As for the acting: the part of Billy Budd is a difficult one—perhaps because all of us have enough of the old Claggart in us to resent simple goodness. But Charles Nolte makes it convincing and very sympathetic. Dennis King has the presence and the subtlety needed for the role of the captain, Torin Thatcher portrays vividly the ambivalent passions as well as the basic depravity of Claggart, and the supporting cast is good.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Music

B. H. HAGGIN

IT WAS a good thing for John Crosby to devote an article, a couple of months ago, to the kicking around that symphonic music has been getting from the broadcasting networks this year—though what he said needs amplification and correction at a few points.

He described what had happened since the time just a few years ago when "the air pulsated with symphony music, especially on Sunday afternoons," when "music lovers all over the country looked forward to Sunday afternoon for the New York Philharmonic on C. B. S. from 3 to 4:30 p.m. (E. S. T.) and for the N. B. C. Symphony from 5 to 6," and "symphony music on Sunday became an American tradition." First it was N. B. C. which in 1947 "moved its symphony out of its hallowed Sunday spot" (to Saturday at 6:30, he forgot to mention), and which last fall moved it to Monday night at 10 (E. S. T.); and Mr. Crosby thought this was late for a symphony concert and that the ear was in no condition for it after two and a half hours of the Symphonette, the Railroad Hour, the Voice of Firestone, the Telephone Hour, and Bands of America, which preceded it on N. B. C. He also mentioned that in some areas the concert was heard transcribed at a different time and different day. And this year C. B. S. moved the Philharmonic from 3 to 1 (E. S. T.) on Sunday, which on the west coast was 10 a.m.—"pretty darned early for symphony music"; this change necessitated the "added indignity" of the concert being transcribed and the recording broadcast a week after the concert; and a Houston, Texas, listener had written that the Philharmonic had been dropped locally and would be restored (if enough people protested) from 10:30 to midnight on Wednesdays, "a terrible hour for a symphony program."

But this is far from being the whole story. For one thing, while the Philharmonic and N. B. C. Symphony have merely been changed about, the rest of the symphonic music with which "the air pulsated" a few years ago has been dropped altogether. Mr. Crosby did mention the disappearance of the Boston and Detroit Symphonies; but A. B. C. in 1948 dropped not only the Boston Symphony but the spring and summer series of its own A. B. C. Symphony. N. B. C. in 1947 dropped its mid-week Story of Music, in 1949 took over the Boston Symphony at Tanglewood but dropped it in 1950, this year dropped its Orchestras on the Nation, and in 1949 changed the N. B. C. Symphony's summer concerts to a "pops" series. And C. B. S. in 1948 dropped its celebrated Invitation to Music and a couple of other mid-week half-hours, and last summer substituted recordings for the Sunday concerts of its C. B. S. Symphony, which it disbanded.

As for the kicking around of the Philharmonic and N. B. C. Symphony, some of it is not, as Mr. Crosby seemed to think, new; and not every change is for the worse. He seemed to have the idea that before they were moved from their Sunday spots the live concerts were broadcast at their time of origin by all the networks' stations throughout the country. But ten years ago, as I reported in this column at the time (and in my *Herald Tribune* column on November 3, 1946), when the N. B. C. Symphony was being broadcast Saturday nights at 10 an Arkansas reader wrote me that it was not carried by a single major radio station in the entire south; and from other readers I learned that there were parts of the south which did not get the longer-established Philharmonic broadcasts. And not only the distant south: a Pittsburgh reader once complained that the C. B. S. station there did not carry the Philharmonic; later I was told the station carried only forty-five minutes of the broadcast. As late as 1946 a Cincinnati reader could write me that WLW had sold the first fifteen minutes of the N. B. C. Symphony's Sunday afternoon hour for a news broadcast. As late as 1948 he could inform me that the Tuesday night broadcasts of the Boston Symphony had been rebroadcast in Cincinnati from recordings, often defective, on Wednesday nights at 11 until March, when they had been dropped; that the Philadelphia Orchestra had been carried only by the C. B. S. affiliate's FM station; that this affiliate had sold the last half-hour of the Philharmonic period, and, in response to protests, had promised to broadcast a recording of the entire program Tuesday nights at 9:30, but actually had rebroadcast only one hour of the program at 10, with the result that symphonies had been played with the first movement or last two movements missing. Nor should it be forgotten that C. B. S. itself, after Toscanini left the Philharmonic, sliced off the last half-hour of the original two-hour concerts to sell to an advertiser, causing insurmountable difficulties with the programs.

I cannot see that Sunday at 1 is a bad time for the Philharmonic; and the tape recording, the few times I have listened, has produced musical sound—to say nothing of the applause and coughs—which I would have thought was the original. Recordings of that caliber could be used at the former time on the west coast; but apparently they were not being used in Chicago when a reader wrote me the rebroadcasts there were so distorted as to be unbearable.

Nor can I see anything wrong with Monday night at 10 for the N. B. C. Symphony. I cannot see how an hour at which music lovers often listen to an orchestra in Carnegie Hall is too late for them to listen to it at home; and 10 in New York would be 9 in Kansas City and 8 further west. Also I cannot see why it is assumed that if they listen to the N. B. C. Symphony at 10 they must first listen to the Symphonette, the Railroad Hour, and the rest—why, that is, it is assumed they cannot turn on their radios at 10. I would assume that most of the people interested in the N. B. C.

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Symphony would do just that, and that most of those who turned on their radios at 7 for the Symphonette, the Railroad Hour, and so on would turn them off at 10.

Certainly Monday at 10 is more accessible than Saturday at 6:30, when people in the east are busy with their children or their dinners and people in the west, where it is 5:30 and 4:30 and 3:30, are still at work. But N. B. C., when it sold the Sunday-at-5 spot, got Toscanini to believe that more people listened Saturday at 6:30; hence he has moved his broadcasts from Monday at 10 back to Saturday at 6:30; and already a Kansas City reader has told me they are over by the time he gets home from work, a Buffalo reader has reported that the performance of Verdi's Requiem was defectively rebroadcast from 15-minute records a week later at 4:30, and so on.

Worse still, even the live broadcast of the Requiem, though it came now from Carnegie Hall, transmitted loud passages like the Dies Irae with the chorus sounding near and *fff* but the orchestra—e.g. those claps of thunder from the bass drums in the Dies Irae—sounding *p* a mile away. A week later the Beethoven program had to be broadcast from a tape recording which produced a muffled falsification of the beautiful performances. The program a week later came through with something like the sound that should come from Carnegie Hall, but still not what came the next day in the C. B. S. broadcast of the Philharmonic.

CONTRIBUTORS

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH is Brander Matthews Professor of Dramatic Literature at Columbia University.

DELMORE SCHWARTZ has published several books of poetry and fiction and is an editor of *Partisan Review*.

FRANCES KEENE, formerly with the OWI in Rome, edited "Neither Liberty Nor Bread," the only documented history of fascism as told by the opposition.

FREDERIC RAMSEY, JR., is joint author and editor of three books on American jazz music. He reviews music regularly for *Charm*.

GERALD SYKES will shortly publish a novel, "The Nice American."

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Politics and Clemency

Dear Sirs: I appreciated the ironic note in your comment on the clemency recently granted to Nazi war criminals when you stated that "it will not be long before mass murder ranks with overtime parking as a minor misdemeanor" (*The Nation*, February 10).

The New York *Times's* editorial appraisal of February 2 is equally ironic but for different reasons. Its writer points out that the reprieved prisoners "have had three years of mental suffering whose intensity it is hard to measure." He says, furthermore, that "it is difficult for civilized people to kill in cold blood long after the offense was committed." And, finally, he reminds us that "there is politics—or, if one likes, diplomacy—in these decisions. . . . They show a compromise between justice and expediency."

Is it expedient to hasten the rearmament of Germany? If so, the release of these criminals hardly seems the way to go about it. Perhaps McCloy's action indicates that we now trust these men or their henchmen, the former Nazis who are members of the Bundestag, to be our faithful allies. Or perhaps through our mercy and justice we hope to obtain the sincere support of those Germans who may have responded to our efforts at democratization.

General Eisenhower on February 1 cautioned Congress that it should consider the drawbacks of arming our former enemy. He warned that there has to be "an understanding that will contemplate an eventual and an earned equality on the part of that nation before we should talk about including units of Germans in any kind of army. Certainly I, for one commander, want no unwilling contingents, no soldier serving in the pattern of Hessions . . . in any army of my command. It would only be a source of weakness."

In the same speech Eisenhower praised the countries of Western Europe for submitting to increased austerity in order to rearm. These are the countries we have had to persuade to back the remilitarization of Germany, to convince that the brutality of Nazi arms need no longer be feared. If the "three years of mental suffering" have been a hard lesson to the Nazi prisoners, the terrifying years of occupation certainly must have taught Europeans that neither "politics" nor "diplomacy" should prompt clemency.

The *Times* stops short of condoning the actual crimes, but it fails to grasp what effects the release of their perpetrators may have both in Germany and in the rest of Europe.

LESTER MORGAN

New York, January 12

Jobless War Criminals

Dear Sirs: The release of a number of the condemned Nazi war criminals prompts me to refer to an incident indicating the kind of mentality which many Americans have brought to this particular problem.

Sometime in 1945, before V-E Day, a committee of men in the Research and Analysis Branch of the Office of Strategic Services sat down to discuss a report on German industrialists who had played leading roles in bringing the Nazis to power and in helping the Hitler government to wage war. The list, as I recall, was extensive.

The author of the report had not only named these men and described their activities but sought to determine what was criminal in their activities and to postulate a punishment. As I recall the report and the meeting, one of the mildest of his suggestions was summary dismal of these men from their positions.

At this point an army officer who was sitting in on the meeting asked: "What's the average age of these men that you suggest should be thrown out of their jobs?" The OSS man replied: "About sixty to sixty-five, I should guess." To this the army officer said: "Sixty to sixty-five, eh? How will men that old ever be able to earn a living if we throw them out of their jobs?"

FORMER OSS MAN

Detroit, Mich., February 9

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Exhibition of Hypocrisy

Dear Sirs: The New York *Herald Tribune* on February 8 ran an item headed "Truman Links Foreign Policy to Moral Code," a release of the President's talk to a group of Illinois Methodist ministers. The essence of the speech is contained in the following excerpt:

The United States government has no ambitions as a colonial power or as an exploiter of other people or other races. Our only ambition is to see that the people in the world have the things that are necessary to make life worth while and that they have and live by the moral code in which we believe.

By comparison this exhibition of hypocrisy makes the "white man's burden" slogan of Great Britain's heyday an almost amateurish expression of imperialist cant. Can it be possible that none of these fifty Methodist divines was struck by the irony of such a statement made almost coincidentally with the legal lynchings of the Martinsville Seven, Eisenhower's invitation to the Nazis to "let bygones be bygones," the release of Krupp, and the celebration of this happy event with a champagne breakfast? Certainly if any moral revulsion stirred in the ministerial breasts it was prudently concealed from their host. In other circles the President's Pecksniffian announcement aroused the fear that if certain wrong-headed peoples are unwilling to adopt our "moral code" we may intend to drop the atom bomb as our contribution to their ethical education. MURIEL SYMINGTON

Brooklyn, N. Y., February 11

Chain of Influence

Dear Sirs: Week after week Willard Shelton, J. Alvarez del Vayo, Howard K. Smith report that our friends and allies in the United Nations have valid doubts about American policies which may prevent further negotiation with Red China and with Russia on German rearmament. There is one question I find myself asking as I read these disturbing accounts in *The Nation*:

Are these excellent and dispassionate articles ever read by the high officials who currently shape our policy? Would it not be possible for certain subscribers who may be close to these officials to set up a chain of influence and pass these comments on to those who need it most? CHRISTINE WISE

Appleton, Wis., February 6

Dangerous Phenomenon

Dear Sirs: In my article Pressures and Pictures II (*The Nation*, February 10) I referred to the phenomenon of "McCarthy-McCulloughism." Somehow this appeared as "McCarthy-McCarranism." I was referring to the lady in Connecticut who hounded Paul Draper, pointing up the danger in the parallel rise of the civilian blackmailer and the elected bloodhound. GILBERT SELDES

New York, February 13

Tax Solution

Dear Sirs: With our daily press and radio conditioning the average American to accept a federal sales tax, *must* you help by publishing Charles E. Noyes's article Taxes Versus Controls (January 13)? Noyes admits that a general manufacturers' sales tax "does bear most heavily on those who can least afford to pay it." But, he says, "it is a comparatively easy way to raise a lot of money, and it has some advantages over the very considerable rise in personal-income-tax rates which would be required to raise as much."

Shouldn't *The Nation* point out that the wage-earner group is the only group that pays all the income tax it should pay. Professional and small business people can always find ways to "chisel." And no Treasury Department field man can track down all the accounting ins and outs of our large corporations.

Better still, shouldn't *The Nation* point out that whenever we pass and enforce a tax law that will limit the incomes of individuals to $25,000 and business profits to 10 per cent after taxes, enough money and to spare will be available to meet the cost of defense, and the cost itself will be lowered?

ROBERT KARGER

Lakeside, Cal., January 31

Clothes for Refugees

Dear Sirs: Charles R. Joy's article (in *The Nation*, January 27) on the plight of the Spanish refugees in France confirms what I heard from Pablo Casals, the great cellist, when I visited him in Prades in southern France last September. Mr. Casals is deeply concerned to help his unfortunate compatriots. When I asked him if donations of clothes could be used, he said they would be greatly appreciated and he would see that they were distributed. Since then I have sent a number of boxes of clothing to him. If any of your readers would care to make similar donations, they may send their gifts to me at 119 West Fifty-seventh St., New York. Or if they wish, they may send their donations directly to Mr. Casals at 1 Route du Canigou, Prades (Pyrenées Orientales), France. Parcels should not measure more than seventy-two inches around or weigh over forty-four pounds. VIRGINIA DAVIS

New York, February 4

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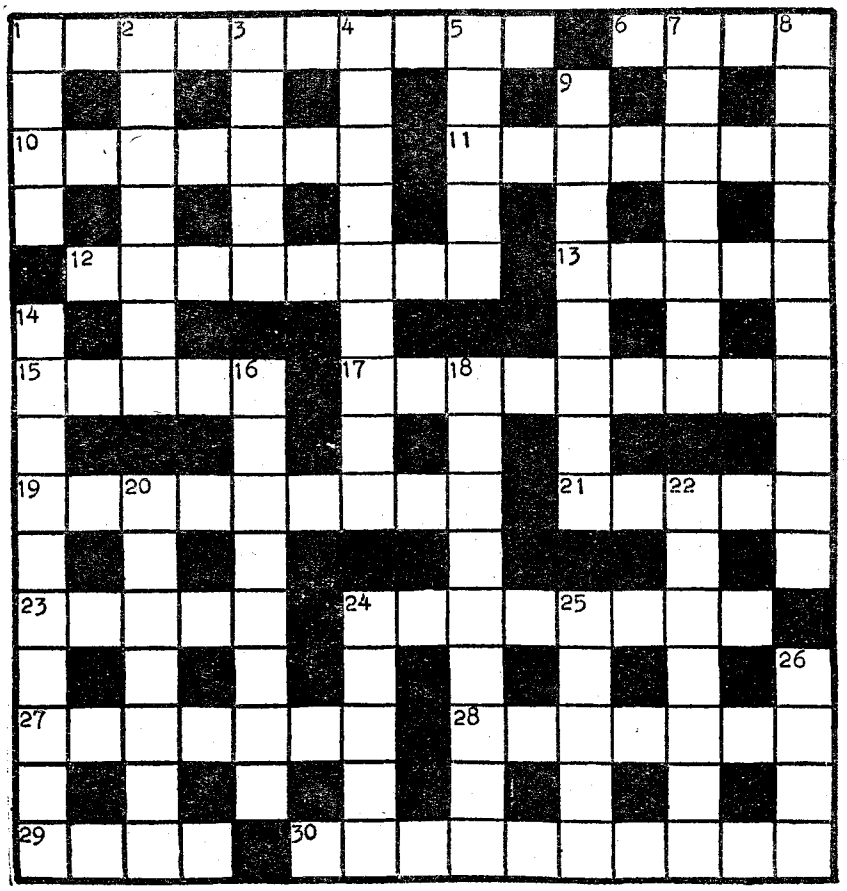
Crossword Puzzle No. 401

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Trains Vera to make up stories. (10)
6 Water-color? (4)
10 Muse to turn back 3? (7)
11 In the warehouse or in the stage. (7)
12 A soothing word, spoken in the castle. (8)
13 Franklin's key and checks might be. (5)
15 and 7 down. Quarta? (5, 7)
17 Citation, perhaps. (9)
19 and 21. Where you put a decimal number is irrelevant. (6, 3, 5)
23 and 24. How they fought for justice! (5, 2, 6)
27 It holds the solution, if things are getting under your skin. (7)
28 Full of nothing? That's bad! (7)
29 Get a rise out of the old man! (4)
30 When boy gets girl? (10)

DOWN

1 Not a bad yarn, but vulgar. (4)
2 Bend 3? (7)
3 A shaft one side of center? (5)
4 Between Latin and French ready to translate, perhaps. (9)
5 It holds things up, if you break a lease. (5)
7 See 15
8 The 18th of these was nobly experimental. (10)
9 Where to make the whole thing jump? (8)
14 What you have to do if you ask for them rare? (4, 6)
16 Bumpy? (8)
18 Has a swell effect on the orchestra. (9)
20 On foot, perhaps, like a trombone? (7)
22 Russian version of the Man with the Hoe? (7)
24 Logically, an insect in whole and in part is what makes the naturalist. (5)
25 Creature with a black eye? (5)
26 Found in racy stories, full of morbid matter. (4)

• • ● • •

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 400

ACROSS:—9 AURORAL; 10 FEATHER; 11 and 1 THIRTY-EIGHTH PARALLEL; 12 RECHECKS; 14 NOBLEST; 17 TITLE; 19 BORACIC; 21 ORIENTAL; 23 and 8 CALL TO ARMS; 25 GEMSBOK; 26 BACTRIA; 27 and 15 THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE.

DOWN:—1 ENACTMENT; 2 GORDIAN; 3 TURNTABLE; 4 POLO; 5 REFLECTORS; 6 LEASH; 7 ETHICAL; 13 WET BLANKET; 15 BOCCACCIO; 16 EVAPORATE; 18 TRIUMPH; 20 CULPRIT; 21 ORGY; 22 NABOB; 24 ABEL.

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